LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00004477157

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. D974

Shelf .J14

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WORD-SKETCHES

IN

THE SWEET SOUTH.

WORD-SKETCHES

IN

THE SWEET SOUTH.

BY

MARY CATHERINE JACKSON.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1873.

[*The Right of Publication and of Translation is reserved.*]

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

D974
.J19

Not so much to the favoured few, who, with light heart and heavy purse, may wander where they list in search of the beauties of Nature and of Art, as to the less fortunate many, who, bound by home or business ties, cannot leave their own firesides, and must there accept the descriptions of others,—and to the millions of British taxpayers to whom any account of their fair possession the Rock of Gibraltar, should be of interest, these Sketches are presented.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	THITHER	1
II.	GIBRALTAR	29
III.	THE ROCK	42
IV.	LIFE AT GIBRALTAR	54
V.	TANGIER	68
VI.	TANGIER—*continued*	90
VII.	THE FIESTA	123
VIII.	CADIZ	143
IX.	SEVILLE	163
X.	SEVILLE—*continued*	181
XI.	CORDOVA	198
XII.	JOURNEY TO GRANADA	209
XIII.	GRANADA	229
XIV.	THE ALHAMBRA	251
XV.	GRANADA TO MALAGA	268
XVI.	L'ADIEU	287

"Where are the Songs of Summer?—With the Sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the South."

* * * * * *

Hood.

WORD-SKETCHES

IN

THE SWEET SOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

THITHER.

"THERE will not be a berth at our disposal in any of the P. and O. steamers for the next six weeks."

Such was the unsatisfactory reply of the company's agent, to an application for a passage to Gibraltar in the autumn of 1870. But it might have been anticipated, as at that season the boats are always crowded, not only with pleasure-seekers and invalids flitting southwards with the swallows, but with officers and others bound for India, who time their departure thus, that they may arrive at their stations in the torrid zone at the coolest period of the year.

What was to be done? The writer, ailing, though not ill, was anxious to avoid the breath of the Frost-King, who was now advancing with rapid strides; and there was no time to be lost.

She decided, therefore, on undergoing the voyage in a steamer, which she will here designate as the "Tub"—one of a line plying between England and the Mediterranean, and advertised to sail immediately.

The "Tub," 1400 tons, did not look so bad as she lay in dock; and it was said that "her qualities surpassed her charms," that she was a good sea-going boat, heavy, but safe. The October sun shone brightly as the sailors weighed anchor, to that musical measure which is as stirring to mariners as the sound of the bagpipes to the Highland soldier.

Hope and fear—the future and the past—seem strangely mingled in the rise and fall of its wild cadences; and hearts already swelling with emotion, respond to the thrilling tones.

Orders were soon given that cleared the ship of all but passengers, through misty eyes we

watched the dear ones left behind, and waved "adieux" till we could see their forms no more.

We were really "off." By-and-by came a claiming of carpet bags and small parcels, and an arrangement of cabins: and here it may be remarked that, forty-two people being squeezed into the accommodation—and that somewhat meagre—intended only for twenty-five, the discomfort of the unfortunate voyagers was considerable. To add to the annoyance of the lady portion of the passengers, it was discovered that there was no stewardess on board. This, at the time, seemed an unpardonable omission; but the steward, a certain "Charles," was so thoroughly efficient in his attendance on his fair charges, that they were soon in a degree reconciled to his ministrations.

In the course of the day, we became cognisant of another unpleasant fact; for, lying-to for awhile off a quiet spot on the Essex shore, some astute individuals found out that we were delayed there for the purpose of taking in a cargo of *gunpowder;* and as barrel after barrel, to the number of 1050, was brought on deck and stowed away, our feelings of apprehension may be

imagined. Moreover, one of our anchors was left behind for repairs; so that, in the event of difficulties arising, we were not altogether in a position to meet them.

Now, the reader is not going to be wearied with minute details of a voyage on a well-known track; but in order that he may sympathise with the writer, whom he is accompanying on her lonely way, a few particulars must be given of her experiences on board the "Tub," as they were rough ones.

We went down Channel dead in teeth of a raging wind, and for two days and three nights were beating about, the sport of the elements; scarcely making any headway. It had been proposed that we should return to the friendly shelter of the "Downs," but our captain kept on his course. Our poor ship seemed like a wounded animal struggling on,—at times quivering—then stopping as if stunned—then labouring on again, whilst heavy seas swept over her, extinguishing the engine fires; and we, lying feeble and faint in our berths, could see nought but the green gleaming and snowy crests of the waves dashing against

our port—hear nothing but their awful roar—the sounds of suffering following every roll and lurch of the vessel, and the horrible thumping and grating of the screw.

Charles admitted it was "roughish." "But what could any one expect with a *parson* on board?" was his indignant query; adding *sotto voce*, "I'd like to chuck 'un overboard;" while his good-humoured pink and white face assumed a comically earnest expression.

"And you believe all that sailor's nonsense?"

"Believe! I should think so. Never yet went a voyage with a parson aboard, that we didn't get a rough time."

"And where are we?"

"Oh, off the Isle of Wight."

"Why you said that yesterday."

"Oh, did I?" and Charles made off to avoid further questioning; for "off the Isle of Wight" had become a dismal joke in our little den.

However, at last we fairly lost sight of the English coast; but we had to face the Bay of Biscay, still in turbulent unrest from the effect of equinoctial gales; and the prospect was far from

agreeable. For a day we had a respite. The sun shone out, and all who were able crept up on deck, to skate about there very helplessly—take note of their fellow-passengers—a motley assemblage of English, French, German, Dutch, Russian, and Portuguese—see the glories of an aurora borealis flooding sea and sky with magical light, and then, wearied with the exertion, they gladly turned in again to their narrow berths, in anticipation of rest.

But not many found rest that night.

Towards midnight a gale was blowing, and in the intense darkness every danger seemed magnified, as the creaking of timbers and crashing of glass and crockery, the shrieks of terrified women and children, and anxious inquiries of nervous men, were added to the roaring of the waters and the howling of the storm. The wind tore one of our sails to ribbons, and did damage to the deck cabin—that was all; but it sounded as if we were being crunched up by the air monster; whilst the waves thundered down on the deck overhead with a tremendous boom, and ran swilling off in a river, giving us who were under-

neath the sensation of being washed away with it —or, worse, of being drowned as we lay there, "cabined, cribbed, confined," in that narrow bed. It was an anxious time. The captain did not seek his pillow that night; and Charles did not dispute the point, that we had "come in" for a bit of a breeze. "No, he didn't think it would be better soon—better lie down and go to sleep." His panacea for all our ills.

"What progress are we making?" was the question we asked him, when he looked in upon us in the morning.

"Oh, beautiful!" was the reply; but the grin accompanying it was suspicious.

"Please open the port—it is so close in here."

"Open the *poart*, Miss, did you say? Open the *poart?* Ah! we'll see about that. What will 'e have for breakfast?" this was added cheerfully.

"Breakfast! Bah!" The smell of it was enough, as odours of fried fish, liver and bacon, and other delicacies, were wafted in from the saloon.

We made another touching appeal to our Charles.

"Now, Charles, *will* you open that port?"

"And get you all under water? No, can't open a *poart* this weather."

A roaring sea dashing against it at the moment, showed our Cerberus to be right. He grinned again, and, shaking up the pillow and smoothing the coverlets of our couches, continued his appetising suggestions.

"Well, and what's it to be—'am and eggs, chicken, curry?"

"Nothing."

"Then lie down and go to sleep." (Exit Charles.)

Several days of this sort of thing were very wearying; and often as we went "up to the heavens and down again to the depths," we thought of the Psalmist, as, like his, our souls "melted away because of the trouble;" and earnestly we wished ourselves out of the Bay of Biscay.

By-and-by, on the sixth day of our voyage, we heard the welcome news that we were nearing Cape Finisterre; and in the night we passed over the fatal spot where only a few weeks before the "Captain" with her 500 souls had gone down.

How inky black the cruel sea looked thereabouts! Deep, dark like lead, and heaving heavily with a lumbering swell, there was something inexpressibly mournful in that dreary waste of sullen waters, and in the associations linked with them.

But after this "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream," as every hour was carrying us farther south. The skies cleared, a softer feeling was in the air, and most of the passengers went on deck and watched the porpoises disporting themselves, Mother Carey's chickens flitting about upon the waves, and a huge fish that at one time was seen in the distance, and pronounced by the learned in such knowledge to be a whale. Ships in the offing were looked for with interest, and when a sail came in sight there was excitement. "What was she?" and "Whence came she?" &c.; and if she approached within signalling distance our curiosity was generally satisfied on all points.

And now each day we were drawing nearer and nearer to sunshine and summer. Balmier was the breeze, more brilliant the light, and richer the colouring of everything around, from the deep sapphire of the cloudless sky at noon to the tints

of the waves' shadowed sides at evening. Existence seemed a delicious fact to be cognisant of and thankful for, after all that we had gone through. People turned out of their close quarters; and some passengers, hitherto invisible, showed themselves for the first time. Ladies brought work or novels, and sat, Cleopatra fashion, under the awning, on all the cushions and rugs they could muster, while the gentlemen lounged about smoking: but an indulgence in a *dolce far niente* spirit was the rule, and I for one resigned myself, in my languor and weakness, to a placid sense of enjoyment and calm content.

The sun set upon this beautiful day in truly Eastern splendour.

To northern eyes it recalled Warren's pictures. There was the pure, translucent atmosphere—there were the gorgeous colours—rose and flame blending in wondrous harmony with sea-green and amber and sparkling gold, all softening into each other, though so intensely vivid in colouring, that one wondered how Nature had effected her startling combinations so "artistically."

Presently, the golden glow faded slowly, and gave place to a purple night lit by most luminous stars. We were gliding onwards on our course now, gently as in a dream. We had done with the horrors of the deep, and were experiencing its pleasures.

Coteries were formed, couples paced the deck together, "flirtation" set in, and scandal. Our ship was a little world, and human nature exhibited itself in all its phases; but fortunately the comic element predominated in the scenes we had to witness, and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed on board the "Tub."

The coast of Portugal was dimly visible this afternoon—a faint grey streak in the distance on our left; and on awaking early the next morning and going on deck, a beautiful view was my reward.

There, against the pomona green of the orient sky, stood out the hills of the Cintra range—rosy red, with delicate mauve streaks marking their rugged slopes—a striking group of mountains. In the middle distance were pale, buff-coloured hills, relieved here and there by blots of green

and madder-brown,—arid, parched-looking lands, but contrasting picturesquely in their semi-tones with the warmer roseate hues of the towering peaks and truncated cones of the chain of mountains beyond.

Before us opened up the Tagus—at this point an estuary; and soon we were steaming along its broad, full bosom, and gazing with interest on its shores.

To the right rose bold, rocky hills, with villages and forts relieving at intervals the desolate air of the barren district.

On the left the prospect was more cheerful.

Vineyards and olive-grounds in continued succession lay along the hillsides; villages—a cluster apparently of white walls, from the houses being flat-roofed and with few windows—were scattered here and there; and innumerable white windmills dotted the landscape thickly, and broke with their whirling sails the sky-line of the low, brown hills.

Cascaes with its fort and bay were thus passed; Fort St. Julian and the town of Oeiras forming a fine sketch, backed by the mountains at Cintra. Suburban residences and fashionable hamlets shortly

appeared, indicating the vicinity of a large city; and our attention was particularly attracted to groups of tents by the waterside, so numerous in some places as to resemble an encampment.

These were for the accommodation of bathers; and it must be owned that the arrangement is far more picturesque in effect than our English one of modern boxes, yclept machines. They looked extremely pretty, and in their number were suggestive of cleanliness.

By-and-by we came upon Lisbon. Like a guard as we approached it stood Belem Castle—familiar as an old friend from pictures and prints; its square tower was unmistakable, and eminently picturesque-looking, seen as then, standing out against a dreamy distance of silvery water, and a floating forest of shipping—every object mysteriously indistinct in the gleams of the morning sun.

Very soon our steamer lay-to for a time, while the custom-house officers came on board; and the amount of excitement they caused was amusing.

These officials were an undersized, monkey-like

set of men, dark almost as Indians; so were the boatmen in the numerous boats that quickly surrounded the ship, shouting and gesticulating violently.

The head official seemed a character. The sharp, screaming tone, in which in broken English, uttered with great rapidity, he asked the usual questions of the captain, and the brisk, comic way in which, when the formalities were gone through, he "turned about" and departed as he had come, raised many a laugh amongst the spectators of the scene.

On we went, having the great city on our left—a mass of buildings of dazzling whiteness, piled up along the steep slopes, perched on the summits, and filling the hollows of the numerous hills, far more than seven, on which Lisbon is built.

Convents, churches, palaces, attract the eye. Conspicuous amongst these latter is that of the "Ajuda," an immense edifice, stately and grand, seen crowning an eminence above Belem—that one called the Quinta de Baixo, or Dom Fernando's, a house close to the river, painted pink, and with green shutters, half embosomed in the foliage of

its gardens, and looking a cool and pleasant retreat when contrasted with the glare around; and the other Royal Palace of "Necessidades."

Presently there is a break, a dip as it were; the buildings creep down, fill a broad level space, and then mount another hill, on which stands the castle of St. George.

On this level space the best streets are built; and fronting the water is the fine Praça do Commercio, called by Englishmen "Black Horse Square" (from the figure* on a black horse in the centre). An arch of white marble is the most conspicuous ornament, however, of this fine area. But of all the objects seen, perhaps the churches are the most noticeable; for they and the convents are in number legion. Those of Santo Antonio da Sé, of Santo Vincente de Fora, and of Nossa Senhora da Graça, are the most imposing from the river; and the convents, many of them occupying airy heights, are also striking features of the place.

On the opposite bank of the river are low hills, with forts and batteries, whose threatening teeth may be important for the defence of the fair city,

* Dom José I.

but would be equally so for her destruction if an enemy got possession of them: more windmills, more churches, with their rows of cypresses standing like mutes in constant mourning; and more public buildings.

On the broad waters ships of every size, from the largest ironclad afloat down to the tiniest skiff that ever was trusted with human freight, are lying at anchor, or gliding along on the emerald-tinted flood. Truly there is variety in these nautical contrivances.

Here they can be studied, the production of various nations; but nothing attracts the lover of the picturesque more than those fairy-like little boats with lateen sail, which are peculiar to southern shores. They skim like swallows over the surface of the water, and are as much part and parcel of the scene as those aerial wayfarers.

Over all—city, river, shipping, and distant country, as the morning advances, there arches the cloudless, blue—intensely blue sky; and one observes that in these latitudes the shadows are deeper and blacker, and the high lights more brilliant and dazzling than in our misty northern lands.

Form may not be fairer, but colouring is richer; hence for the reason that most persons are interested in paintings, while comparatively few can appreciate sculpture, scenes in the South excite universal admiration. Those on whom beauty of outline would be lost, yield to the charm of lovely tints, and softly-blended hues.

Brought to a standstill by-and-by as the steamer weighed anchor, many of our passengers were desirous of landing; but there was much time lost before this could be effected, in consequence partly of our cargo of gunpowder having to be unshipped, and all hands being so engaged that one could get nothing done.

Then the captain would not, or could not, give us a decided answer as to the time when we might expect to resume our voyage on the following day; and as the idea of being left behind luggageless was by no means pleasant, everyone gave up the thought of visiting Cintra—(where it is usual to sleep when the excursion is made)—lest they should be placed in an awkward predicament; at the same time, it was evident that our skipper wanted to be rid of us for the night.

After much delay the writer lost patience; and as no one else would take the initiative, she did, and two boats were quickly alongside, and freighted in a trice.

As usual in landing in similar places, our party had no sooner stepped on shore than a crowd of excited cab-drivers and boatmen gathered round, clamouring for our patronage; and their tongue being unintelligible to us, and ours to them, a scene of altercation and confusion ensued that was ridiculous. A number of idlers of course collected, surrounding us most unpleasantly; and but for the timely recognition of a Portuguese acquaintance by one of our party, there is no knowing how we should have managed.

Carriages were secured (at an exorbitant charge by the way), and we drove through the principal parts of the city.

The churches were, unfortunately for us, all closed; for there had been grand performances in the morning, and now in the afternoon not one was open.

The streets of Lisbon have a strong family likeness to those of most Continental capitals: the

houses, very lofty and uniform, painted white, furnished with green jalousies, and balconies filled with flowers.

The extreme steepness of some of the thoroughfares strikes a stranger; and the reckless style in which the native Jehus rattle down them is startling.

The "Passeio Publico," or Public Gardens, cover an extensive area, and are a charming place of recreation.

Here the voyager from England may clearly realise the fact that he is in a southern climate, as he sees himself surrounded by tropical vegetation, and scents the rich fragrance exhaled by the numerous lily tribe. Towering above its fellows is the aloe, and by its side is the grotesque-looking prickly pear; the graceful pepper-tree takes the place of our willow; the oleander freely blossoming looks at home, and the datura's large white bells are pendent everywhere; but nothing perhaps attracts Northern eyes more than the luxuriant growth of our old friend the geranium. No longer struggling for life in a dwarfed state, the pink and scarlet varieties run riot in their growth,

forming themselves into high hedges thick with strong leaf, and all ablaze with colour.

The beautiful creeper, too, the Bougainvillea, a mass of bright magenta through the autumn and winter, forms a lovely drapery over many a trellised bower. Orange and lemon-trees abound, scenting the air with their delicious fragrance; and round the ornamental ponds in these gardens ferns reach a size unknown to us in our cold clime. The way they are arranged is really pretty, though toy-like. There is a sheltering bosquet of shrubs, surrounding a glassy pool; and on the brink of this, and dotting its surface in little islands, the water-loving ferns—gigantic 'maidenhair' amongst them—grow in masses. Swans glide about in the cool, green shadow, and delight the rising generation of Lisbonese.

The latter were all dressed *en fête* this day, and the attire of some of the ladies was of the gayest. Pink and blue satin dresses were not uncommon amongst them; whilst the gentlemen showed by their lemon-coloured kid gloves that they were *en grande tenue.*

We afterwards walked through some other

gardens—those of the Estrella—which combine zoological with botanical attractions; saw the Aqueduct, which is a fine erection, and drove to various points commanding views of the city. In the course of our peregrinations a large and handsome building was pointed out to us as a "National School"; but I failed to make out on what plan it is conducted.

Purposing to pay another visit on shore if possible on the following day, we drove back to the quay in time to see one of the most magnificent sunsets it would be possible to imagine—one that Claude Lorraine would have gazed on with loving eyes as he drank in its inspiration, and that our own Turner would have studied *con amore*.

They only could worthily have depicted the scene before us.

There hung the great sun, a nucleus of rich golden light, and from it long rays extended far up into the heavens—distinct rays, each a tremulous column of fire; while the broad waters of the Tagus reflected the brilliant whole in softened beauty. When the sun dropped below the horizon it was suddenly night, and we did not much relish

the row to our steamer in the darkness; as it was anchored some distance out, and we had consequently to run the risk of crossing the course of several vessels moving up or down the river: this, without a moon, was not agreeable, and we had been particularly warned by our captain against delaying our return till nightfall.

However, we safely reached our floating home, and longed for the morning, when we intended resuming our rambles on land.

But this, when it was mooted at breakfast, was opposed on the ground that we should be getting under weigh almost immediately.

Time passed, and there was enough going on around us to keep eyes and ears occupied, and the mind amused, had we not been victims to discontent. It was the King's birthday, and the shipping was all gaily dressed, and salutes were fired in honour of the auspicious day. As the guns of Belem down the river gave the answering salute to the forts up above, and foreign vessels fired their compliments from their different stations, the scene on the water was very animated. Across from the town came the clanging of bells to add to the din; and all

around us the lively, half-naked, dark-skinned race of sailors and fishermen kept up a constant shouting, jabbering, or monotonous sing-song chant. But it was tantalizing to see the city and its convents and churches, with which we were so desirous of making acquaintance, and to be unable to go on shore; while hour after hour that might have been spent there so pleasantly passed by, and the threatened start was not made. This was provoking, and a trial of temper, for we did not put to sea until the afternoon. We doubled Cape St. Vincent early the next morning, the first of November. It was almost impossible to believe that we had entered that month of dismal English associations, the day being one of summer perfection. The Atlantic was at rest, scarce a ripple disturbing its calm surface. We floated smoothly over it with a delicious sense of enjoyment; and when night fell, we lingered late, amusing ourselves for the last time in noticing the phosphorus playing on the waves along our track, and illumining the deep funnel of the screw to the brightness of day; and in watching the moon set in great beauty.

It was too dark when we steamed into Cadiz

harbour to see more, by the light of the stars, than a ghostly row of white buildings, and the twinkle of numerous lights marking the coast; but as this place was to be revisited, it was only a gratification postponed.

Towards dawn, we were nearing the Straits of Gibraltar; and then, to the great fright of some of the passengers, a thick fog came on, obliging us to lie to and keep up a series of screeching signals; and as these were answered by similar screeches from vessels in unpleasantly close proximity to us, our sensations were far from agreeable.

By-and-by, however, the mist cleared away, hysterical alarm and its attendant sounds ceased in the ladies' cabins, and we were able to pursue our course.

In the grey twilight I went on deck, that I might not lose the view of the scenery we were approaching. The sailors were washing the decks, and there was no rest for the sole of a lady's foot; so the captain—a jolly fellow who had taken command from Lisbon—helped me up to his bridge, and kindly acted as finger-post to the points of interest on either hand. Save a

poor Moor carrying on his ablutions under difficulties, no other passenger seemed awake.

On our left was the Spanish coast; hilly, sterile, it presented an imposing landscape, in which brown and purple colouring predominated; and there was the sandy sweep of Trafalgar Bay: but the blue line to the south was what my eyes sought most eagerly.

"Barbary coast, Miss."

Africa! another quarter of the globe! that mysterious continent still to some extent a *terra incognita* to the civilised world; and that was its outer rim. The pale, undulating line had a peculiar fascination.

We drew nearer and nearer, and soon Tarifa was to be seen on the Andalusian shore, a good-sized, ancient town, with its mole, whereon stand a lighthouse and a fort, extending some distance into the sea; and opposite to this place where the straits are only ten miles wide, stands Tangier, looking like the original of the pictures in 'Bluebeard,' or 'Wars of the Crusades,' a thoroughly Oriental city, with white battlemented walls, domed tombs, tall minarets, and spreading palms.

A warm glow was spreading over the eastern heavens; and gradually as we advanced through the straits, a scene of extraordinary magnificence developed itself.

In a sky of bright flame-colour, the morning star hung; pure and silvery in its radiance, reminding one of an innocent spirit, serene and calm, in an atmosphere all aglow with fiery passion. In the horizon, purple clouds, fold upon fold, melted in with the outline of the distant Atlas range; and above them, streaks of a crimson and orange hue, heralded the sun's uprising.

On our right was Ape's Hill,—a grand, conical shaped mountain, with barren, rocky sides, descending on its northern face precipitously to the water's edge. The summit of its cone was now suffused with a lovely rosy hue, while the lower parts remained in deep shadow.

Brighter and brighter each instant grew the illumined peaks, while one by one, every high point of the neighbouring chains of hills was tipped with gold.

This effect is common enough in all Alpine

countries, and nothing of the kind could surpass the beauty of some of the views at dawn, seen by the writer in Switzerland; but here, there was another element, one which was lacking there—the sea. This, with the growth of light, became in itself a picturesque study; for the dancing waters reflected every tint of carnation, blue, and amber from sky and mountain; while the wave-crests sparkled as if they had been strewn with jewels, and glistened with the brilliancy of diamonds and rubies.

It was an 'effect' never to be forgotten.

And now there is general excitement; for beyond that jutting promontory, Cabrita Point, looms up our goal, "the Rock;" and very grand that small but important possession of ours looks. Like a lion couchant, fit emblem of the nation that won and wears the prize, it lies at the extreme end of the continent of Europe, and the isthmus that connects it with the mainland being but a strip of land about a mile in width, Gibraltar seen in the distance, has the appearance of an island.

Beyond it, dimly visible, rise the snow-capped mountains of Granada; while those of Andalusia

half encircle the bay, and stand tier above tier, range beyond range, displaying every shade of rich yet delicate colouring, till lost in the tender blue of the horizon.

As our captain gives the "Pearl Rock," since so famous, a wide berth, he thinks he descries a vessel in difficulties upon it; and for a few minutes he gazes steadfastly at the object through his glass, saying the while, that if it be a ship in trouble, he must go to her assistance. There is an anxiety felt as to the result of his long looking; but at length he makes out that his help is not required, and we go steaming on up the straits and into the bay, and are soon anchored off the town. Here, we gaze with wondering eyes for a moment on that overshadowing cliff, so seamed with batteries, and dotted with habitations. There is an air of grandeur upon it, seen in the morning shadow. The next moment we are in the bewilderment of being bundled, amidst the usual hissing of steam and vociferations of seamen, into landing boats; and get safely on shore.

Thank God!

CHAPTER II.

GIBRALTAR.

THERE are few impressions that are more mistaken, than the ordinary one entertained by people at home, respecting the Rock of Gibraltar. You hear it called a "barren rock," a "sun-dried spot," &c., and fancy conjures up a scene of stony desolation and arid discomfort, calculated to make you pity the martial Briton who is ordered to such a station.

Misplaced sympathy. It is certainly true that the area of the Rock is rather circumscribed; that the vegetation which clothes and beautifies its western and southern slopes, is not of a kind to sustain human life; and it is also true that the six months of summer are usually unpleasantly warm; but these objections named, the worst has

been said, and it cannot be denied that the beauties and advantages possessed by this bit of English land in the sunny south, far counterbalance its drawbacks.

The little peninsula lies almost due north and south. It is three miles in length, and about one in width at the base of the hill, which however, narrows up to a ridge, in some places only a few feet wide.

Seated on this elevated spot, you can see the blue waters of the Mediterranean stretching away to the eastward, while the wild waves of the Atlantic gleam in the sun rays of the west.

The highest point is on the north side, facing Spain, where the Rock rises, a sheer cliff, cold and colourless and sharply peaked, to the height of 1430 feet.

When capped by a cloud from the east called a 'Levanter,' it wears an aspect of mysterious grandeur and weird beauty.

Here are the famed 'galleries'—three tiers of excavations, planted with cannon commanding the Isthmus. The arrangements look formidable;

but the probability is, that if the guns had much practice, the honeycombed rock would suffer.

These defences exemplify a bygone system of warfare: of the modern one examples may be found in the numberless batteries, with their ordnance of heavy calibre, that line the shore and stud the hillside on the west and south.

On the western slope, on the flank as it were of a couchant animal, is situated the town, a crowded assemblage of buildings with steep 'ramps' or alleys of steps, communicating with the upper portion of the place, and three tolerable streets running through it on the level.

You land at the "Devil's tongue," and looking upwards, see a jumble of houses rising one above the other; and a quaint old building—the remains of a Moorish castle—tops them all, yet seems still nestling under the cliff that rears itself so loftily in mid-air.

On the quay stand mule carts awaiting the passengers' luggage, and jaunting cars for the passengers themselves; but it is the strange, motley groups of human beings that swarm around, who are the chief interest.

Here strides a Moor—a wealthy one apparently, in flowing robes of the colour worn by a descendant of the Prophet, and a snowy turban wound round a head that is carried with manly erectness: and here are several poor Moors, bare-legged and slippered, and wearing their hooded grey or brown or white *jelebeyah* carelessly enough.

Sailors, soldiers, native carters and porters jostle each other. Scarlet and blue uniforms abound, but are toned down by the brown tints that are the favourites in the dress of the Spanish men. The gentleman enfolds himself in a capacious, heavy cloth cloak, with which he resists the cold of winter and the heat of summer; wears a wide *sombrero* on his head, and in his mouth carries the inevitable cigar of huge dimensions, or a paper cigarette: men of a lower grade cling to the national costume, a brown or green jacket, sometimes of velvet; with trousers of the same, reaching below the knee, where they are left open, and the bright metal buttons that adorn them are proved to be, not for use, but ornament; and round the waist is a broad crimson sash, which completes the picturesqueness of the attire.

In addition to these figures that flit before the eye with scenic effect, are the Jews, whose distinctive dress consists in a long loose garment girdled round the waist by a sash of bright hue, and disclosing white clothes underneath, and linen trousers. Stockings of snowy whiteness, and shoes blacked into brilliancy, seem also necessary adjuncts to the adorning of the sons of Israel; while a small black skull-cap is their only head-covering, and appears to be with them a distinguishing mark.

Such are a few of the strange forms that throng the landing-place at Gibraltar. Arrived on shore, you pass through the gate of the fortifications, and find yourself at once in the main street. It is shabby-looking, for the houses are flimsy erections, and the shops are ordinary "parlours" with one little window, behind the dusty panes of which a few articles for sale may be visible. No church towers rise on high, unless we except the small pepper-boxes of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian churches. The Protestant Cathedral (so-called) is like a long, flat, inverted box, and is externally destitute of all ornament,

or indication of its sacred use; whilst it is adorned internally in the Moorish style. Divine Service is held in some of the schoolrooms.

The public buildings are insignificant in character, and the town may fairly be pronounced uninteresting in appearance.

Making your exit from it through another gate, you arrive at the Alameda. This is a parade ground and public promenade, and attached to it are extensive pleasure-grounds.

Here, beneath the wide branches of the feathery pine, and between hedges of aloe and oleander, one may sit in the grateful shade, listening (in the summer heat) to the hissing chirp of the "chicharra," and gazing with delighted eyes on the rich sapphire blue of the bay, the ships on its smooth bosom, and the ever-varying tints on the undulating line of hills opposite, the hills of Andalusia. It is truly a pleasant lounging place, and Cupid's victims appreciate its friendly shelter,—lovers of all sorts being partial to sylvan scenery, excepting, perhaps, nursemaids and their military swains, who usually prefer the parade ground, where a band plays

twice a week, and where the drilling of a squad of raw recruits, or the inspection of a regiment, may afford them diversion.

"Everybody" has, or is supposed to have, some sort of vehicle, generally a pony-phaeton, in which to drive to and from town, along the high-road which skirts the gardens; thus these latter are little frequented, save by strangers unprovided with a carriage, to whom these bowery walks are a boon, and by the amorous couples aforesaid. But soldiers in all their military stiffness, and sailors in their rollicking freedom, sometimes wander along the gravelled paths; when their expressions of opinion on such-and-such a flower, to them unknown, or on the charms of a Spanish maiden as she passes, her mantilla leaving her face unshaded, her fan fluttering in her hand coquettishly, are oftentimes most amusing.

Proceeding onwards by the carriage road, and turning a point, you reach the district called "The South;" a region of cottages, chiefly officers' quarters, each embowered in pepper-trees, and encircled by aloes, geranium-trees, and prickly pear. They are but mean-looking abodes, the generality

of them; rather suggestive, with their thin walls and slight verandahs, of seaside lodgings in England, and as unsuited to the climate as it is possible for any buildings to be. The deluging storms of the rainy season should descend upon a well-built, water-tight house, on which they might expend their force in vain, and the blazing summer sun should encounter, as it does in Spain, the thickest of walls, and an internal arrangement of the dwelling, which gives shade and coolness within, how fiercely soever the sun's rays may burn without.

Yet here, any lath and plaster contrivance is deemed sufficient for a human habitation; and the result is, that the variations and extremes of temperature are felt much more severely than they would be if a more substantial style of building prevailed.

The reason given for this singular and senseless state of things is, that all the land is Government property; and leases are only granted conditionally, viz., that should the plot of ground be required by Government, the agreement is immediately cancelled, and the purchaser or lessee

has to yield up his claim to it without expecting the smallest compensation for his disappointment and loss.

The property might possibly pertain to him and his heirs for ever, but he runs the chance of having it taken from him, and of seeing a building on which he had expended all his capital, levelled with the ground, to make way for new batteries or powder-magazines.

Like the foolish man in the parable, he who builds in Gibraltar, does so on but a sandy foundation (financially); and this uncertain tenure it is, which deters persons who would otherwise do so, from spending any money in the place. There is no inducement for speculating, no incentive to private enterprise; and consequently "rock scorpions," as well as the officials, have to frizzle or freeze, as the case may be, in their cardboard tenements; besides running the risk of being carried off in a gale of wind, house and all, like a snail, and dropped miles away down the Straits.

But, although the tasteful Italian villa, or the picturesque cottage of Devon would be more in

harmony with the scenery than these cockney shanties, still, embosomed as they are in orange and lemon trees, and surrounded with the loveliest flowers, some of them look cozy nooks in which to spend an enforced banishment.

And what delicious peeps their inmates enjoy of the world without, through the boughs of the Bougainvillea, or other creeper that may wreathe the windows! Framed in foliage, pictures are always there of marvellous beauty; and, for any one interested in shipping, there is constant amusement in watching the graceful messengers of the deep as they flit by on their course or ride at anchor in the harbour.

Grim ironclads may be there; huge merchant steamers bound for the Antipodes and every part of the globe; smaller ones, fussily ploughing their way; yachts and such craft daintily skimming like sea-birds the surface of the waves: it is a scene full of life and cheerfulness.

But it is on reaching the heights of Buena Vista, above the southernmost point of land in Europe (called Europa Flats), or on ascending the Rock to the ruin known as O'Hara's Tower, that

the magnificence and grandeur of Nature at this spot, where two continents stand face to face, are properly visible.

The velvety-brown hills on the other side of the Bay, flecked with gleams of light, empurpled here and there with cloud-shadows, are a study; but the African mountains opposite have a charm of their own. Bare, dark, and rugged, the nearer ones rise gloomily and cold from the water's edge; but, as their long line stretches westward, tenderer and warmer becomes the colouring, till it melts into a sunny haze in which mountain, sea, and sky are blended. Away to the south is another range of even greater interest and beauty. This is a spur of the Atlas, only clearly distinguishable at times. Then, glittering in the sun, the snowy peaks of two giant mountains taller than their fellows reveal themselves very Alp-like; while the round shoulders and grotesque forms of others, half-hidden in blue mist, wear an air of fascinating mystery. Ceuta, in the possession of the Spaniards —who make it a penal settlement—stands, with its castle, on a long tongue of land, and can be very plainly seen.

The "Straits" merge into the Mediterranean Sea at Europa; and far, far into the distance, the heavens seem mirrored in those ultramarine depths.

Looking northwards from the summit of the Rock, or sufficiently round the point to obtain the view, more mountains, and of another appearance, are visible. These are the Sierra Bermeja, on the Granada coast. Vermilion or rose mountains, as their name implies, their granite cones stand sharply defined against the deeply-tinted northern sky; their bare sides are seamed with lines which mark the course of torrents; snow lies on their summits, and in patches on their rocky slopes and in their purple hollows. They, and the Sierra Nevada beyond, look cold, inhospitable, unfeeling; stern barriers as they are:—but the land they guard is one of corn, and wine, and oil. The sun loves it, and the winter snows melt into fertilizing rills to refresh the warm earth at the foot of those fastnesses of Nature.

Is it not something to say for the old Rock that it commands some of the finest panoramic scenery in Europe, if not in the world? and that within a

few hours' journey are spots of historic and artistic interest so great that it is the ambition of most persons of any cultivation to visit those far-famed, time-hallowed sites? Yet with all these advantages of unequalled position and of surpassing natural beauty which Gibraltar possesses—moreover, with millions and millions of British gold sunk in her soil—there are yet found individuals who, from false sentiment and a mistaken idea of national obligation, would propose yielding up this southern jewel into hands that could no more retain it in their indolent grasp now than they did in past times.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROCK.

STRANGERS touching at Gibraltar, with only a few hours to spare, usually make the ascent of the Rock on donkeys. If the visit should be in summer-time, a warm performance this donkey-ride must be, and the hill itself looks to disadvantage. Vegetation is then burnt up; brown and yellow and ashen grey are the prevailing hues, and the arid appearance of everything is scarcely pleasing.

But winter changes the aspect of Nature here very agreeably. At this time the green of the glacis is not the only verdure visible; for though some trees, like the Bella Sombra and the cotton-tree, are shorn of their leaves in mid-winter, the ilex and pine do not change; the almond puts forth its fair blossom when its neighbours are still in russet garb; and the orange and lemon-trees

retain their glossy foliage while the golden fruit hangs amongst it thickly.

The Judas-tree is supposed to bloom in Holy Week. In spite of its unprepossessing name, its flower is effective and beautiful.

As for flowers, which in January and February deck the gardens lavishly, their reign is short but brilliant. Those that appear at different seasons with us all come out together in this forcing climate, producing a result that is puzzling to English eyes.

One sees mignonette, heliotrope, roses, arums, pinks, and lilies, flourish side by side with violets, hyacinths, anemones, and crocuses. Arums are grown in beds, like our lilies of the valley, on a gigantic scale. All the varieties of the lily tribe attain huge proportions and are of marvellous loveliness; but their perfume is overpowering. Roses, on the contrary, are not so sweet as they are further north, and they are too large,—less refined-looking than ours, with the exception of the tea species, which is delicate.

A white cactus, that grows freely over walls, is very handsome; and the night-blowing cereus,

with its delicious vanilla perfume, is elegance itself.

Scarlet is the prevailing colour in the floral world here. The Barbadoes aloe, of which ornamental borderings are formed, the pomegranate, geranium, the ibiscus, and a common red flag, monopolise attention by their flaunting gorgeousness, their vivid masses mimicking the martial blaze of a garrison town poetically. There is also a scarlet passion-flower; this is of regal beauty.

Choosing that rare treat in the south, a grey day, a ramble up the Rock for those who are tolerable walkers is very enjoyable. To reach the north peak is somewhat a laborious undertaking for ladies. I never tried it, but the central and southern points are easily attained.

Making for either of these, you can start from the Lovers' Walk, and ascend by steep paths through the Old Man's Garden, and then strike into the regular footway. At first, the path is shaded by pines and ilex and bordered by aloes, with olive-trees and the classical acanthus; but as you mount higher, keeping south, there are only

palmito-bushes and tufts of aromatic herbs, wild lavender, thyme, sage, and prickly wild asparagus growing on the hillside.

Early in the year the golden-eyed narcissus, powerfully odoriferous, nods from every crag; "Jews' pipes," wild crocuses, blue speedwell, and honeysuckle are to be found; and round on the southern side, everlasting flowers, a creeper with white bells that wreathes itself gracefully round trees and brambles, and acres of a shrub with a large marigold flower, the brilliant yellow of which looks gay. Green roses, too, spring from fissures in the precipitous rocks and add their quota to these natural decorations.

While alluding to the *flora*, some mention, perhaps, should be made of the *fauna* of the Rock. Rabbits and partridges seem the chief, and the latter must be rather numerous, judging by the number of coveys one puts up in the course of a walk. The bird is of large size and fine plumage, but it gratifies the eye more than it does the palate, for it is inferior eating compared with our plain home friend. One winter a pair of eagles built their nest and reared their young on

an inaccessible part of the cliff, and a few apes still linger in this extremity of Tarshish.

Upon an occasion, when rather chilly winds prevailed which drove them from their haunts on the eastern side to the shelter and sunshine of the other, an opportunity occurred for our seeing them; a most rare thing, as inhabitants of Gibraltar say it is possible to live there for twenty years without getting a sight of these animals.

We were on the northern side, watching the troops going through their evolutions on the isthmus below, when several monkeys, novel spectators, appeared on the scene. Wholly regardless of the knots of people scattered about, they came and perched themselves upon a jutting rock close by us, seemingly quite at their ease.

Other persons counted seven, but I could only certify to four. There was a mamma, about four feet high, with a baby; and comical it was to see the way in which she handled and dandled it, and when tired of the employment, jerked the little thing off a distance of some yards to find amusement for itself.

The firing going on at the Lines did not dis-

compose them in the least, but they looked on at the affair and at us, with gravity and indifference.

From this same position, another day, we saw a sight rather unusual here, viz., a shark swimming along close in-shore on the Mediterranean side.

A gentleman of our party, who had had West Indian experiences, recognized the monster instantly, and drew our attention to it. Its huge glittering surface, and every movement it made were clearly distinguishable in the shallow water, and we watched it for some time with great, and for a few moments, speaking of myself, I may say, painful interest, for two boats were making for the beach, and I trembled, though quite unnecessarily, I believe, for their occupants; but the creature kept on its course. The pace at which it went was tremendous.

To return to our ramble. The paths that zigzag up the rock are excellent; so good, that the ex-queen of Spain, during a visit she once paid to Gibraltar, drove up to the Signal Station, the central point, in a carriage drawn by eight mules. It takes six-and-thirty to drag up a gun; and what dragging!

By-and-by, when you have turned the southern corner, you come upon the Jews' burial-ground, now disused. This quiet, sunny spot has a bend to the east, so that the graves face that dear land, far away, whose shores are yet laved by the bright blue waters we look down upon, albeit they may take another name ere they touch the coast of Palestine.

Up we go, winding on, looking down on the Governor's cottage at Europa, and noticing the contrast presented by the rich green of the vegetation in this cool spot, with the various marine shades, and the glowing rose-hues of the Bermeja chain.

We pause at the "Mediterranean battery," for it is worth while; make a long pause on this ledge overhanging the deep sapphire sea so far beneath; then mount up to Martin's Cave, and from thence scramble up the "Mediterranean stairs," rocky, rudely cut, and, to weary feet, never ending.

Good fun it is, that scrambling, especially on a rainy day, between slipping and laughing, "giving it up," and then rushing on with *one* more desperate effort, and the resolve not to be beaten.

"Ah, the monkeys have been here!" we exclaim, as we see the track strewed with pieces of frayed palm-bark. Yes; they came for the monkey-dates, a spurious kind, small, and to the taste very bitter, that grow about here.

We reach the summit at length, and are then fain to admit that we are rewarded for the exertion.

Whichever way we look the scenery is magnificent, broad in its outlines, rich in its colouring, and finished in its detail. How describe those subtle, aerial effects that the Sierras exhibit, looking towards Spain? Or the melting, tender, sunny sweetness of the Atlas range on the African continent? Those pale giants look tremulous with heat, capped though they are with eternal snows.

Between them and us flow the silvery straits; yon gleam of light is the great Atlantic, the world's highway; and at our feet is our harbour, specked with tiny dots, some of which represent merchant vessels of every nation, others are our monster ironclads. A human interest attaches to the scene, in addition to its unrivalled natural

features, and far into the past the mind may roam while gazing on the fair surroundings of the fabled "Pillars of Hercules."

The invigorating freshness too of the breeze on these heights, seems to supply one with a month's health; and doubtless this occasional ascent of 1400 feet, is a good constitutional to such of the inhabitants and visitors as avail themselves of the opportunity it affords of getting a chestful of mountain air; but the Spanish part of the population as a rule, live and die in the place without ever once mounting the hill half-way. Exercise for health and enjoyment is not yet understood by them.

As we descend on the western side, we pass "Michael's Cave," at a height of 1000 feet above the sea. Here, one lovely afternoon in May, when the Channel Squadron was in harbour, its officers gave us an entertainment; and very pleasant it was.

They had the caves lighted up by torches, and those of the party who were inclined, descended as far as was practicable.

You enter first a large, wide chamber in the

rock, and then follow a steep downward passage till you reach a small hole, through which you have to creep and squeeze like a mouse; and as there is an ugly drop on the lower side, and everything around is slippery, damp, and slimy, it is rather awkward; but plenty of cavaliers were in attendance, and between them all, crawling and sliding were made easy. Arrived at the furthermost, or "Leonora" hall, our chief hosts were standing there to welcome us to their subterranean reception-room, the sight of which elicited from us warm expressions of admiration.

It might have been a palace of gnomes or of fairies.

The floor glistened with the fine particles of broken spar that strewed it thickly; and from this rose pillars as of chiselled alabaster to support the roof with its snowy stalactites.

In one spot, the lights had been so placed that they shone through thin, filmy pieces of spar and small apertures in the rock, in a manner which conveyed the idea of its being an illuminated building.

This portion, the jolly tars called "The Cathedral."

Another passage remained to be explored, but it led nowhere, so it was said; though there is a popular belief that a profound abyss exists somewhere thereabouts, by which a communication is formed with the sea; and I heard a strange story told of a presumed murder in connection with this supposition.

The upward journey was rather less troublesome than the downward one; and in due time and amidst much merriment, we all returned to the regions of day.

A white dress and light kid gloves told tales of Mother Earth; but as everyone also who had gone down, was in much the same pickle, "*N'importe*," said I.

At the cave's mouth, neat sailor-waiters were flitting about with kettles and cups, and tea was served to us with plum-cake accompaniment.

Cake-making must be an important accomplishment on board a man-of-war, with so many dear little "youngsters" there to enjoy it; and judging by the specimens we tasted during visits to several ships, the pastry-cooks seem fully to understand the importance of that branch of their business.

Besides the natural features of the Rock, and the artificial ones in the shape of fortifications, visible throughout its extent, which have a special interest, and the old Moorish Castle, dating from A.D. 725, there are the "Excavations," and these should be gone through in their full length to be rightly appreciated.

They are in three tiers: the distance tunnelled is altogether between two and three miles; the frequent and large embrasures admit a fair light into the broad galleries, where gun after gun stands ready for its deadly use; and as you walk on and on, you are struck with the enormous labour spent on the gigantic work, in days when engineering difficulties were less easily disposed of than they are at the present time, and you are inclined to wonder why the ingenuity and energy forthcoming for warlike purposes did not reach further development in the arts of peace.

Well, England "held her own" then, and sat a Queen amongst nations!

Now, instead of being a crowned Bellona, she is a fool's-capped Britannia, *seulement!*

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT GIBRALTAR.

"Rub-a-dub-dub," "Rat-a-plan-plan-plan," so the drums wake you in the morning; or when the Fleet is in harbour, it may be "God save the Queen," striking up on board the flag-ship, that arouses you to mundane cares. But one ought to be up before that in summer, for the morning is the pleasantest time of the day.

As early as five o'clock at that season, the bath-house is open, and the votaries of Hygieia are disporting themselves in the cool, clear sea; though the popular hours for that diversion are those of the forenoon, when troops of officers' wives with their families make the "Bathing establishment" a rendezvous; for swimming and gossip can be enjoyed in combination, and marketings can be compared—it being rather the fashion for

ladies to market in person; and very much the poor Moors have to regret the fashion sometimes.

From noon to 5 P.M., quietude reigns in the town, the heat keeping most people indoors; but towards the period when the sun's rays come slanting from the west, horses and pony carriages are in requisition, shopping and visiting are entered on *con spirito*, and the daily drive to the north front or Europa follows.

The summer moonlight nights are glorious. Semi-tropical, softly luminous, richly scented, cool, parti-coloured—the tints of day mysteriously blending with the grey shades of darkness—they seem to offer a new phase of existence to the unaccustomed visitor from northern lands. Now the Spaniards pour forth from their houses to call on their friends and to take the air; and the English follow their example so far as to have the regimental band that plays twice a week on the Alameda, perform there from 9 o'clock to 11 P.M. during the warm months. The inhabitants appreciate this arrangement; but the place is badly lighted, and the affair lacks the air of *al fresco*

enjoyment common to similar scenes in France and Germany, and even to the Dutchman's pretty wood at the Hague.

Invitations to garden parties are also for the same hours; these are, of course, enjoyable or not according to circumstances.

The winter is naturally the gayest season in Gibraltar. The temperature is very much that of spring or autumn with us, though occasionally sharp cold is felt; when a cutting north wind comes sweeping down from the snowy Sierras, keen and icy, piercing to the bones and marrow; or a long spell of deluging rain, or the continuance of a heavy Levanter or east wind, makes everything reeking, damp and mouldy.

These, however, are, as a rule, unpleasant exceptions to the usual mild, soft nature of the climate, which may be pronounced exceedingly agreeable from October to May. Then it is that the active Briton can enjoy life somewhat more after his own fashion.

Official dinners, balls, and private theatricals take place at "The Convent" (as the Governor's residence in the town is called, from the house

having formerly belonged to a religious order), and the regiments that occupy barracks which afford the requisite accommodation, also give entertainments.

A dance in military circles, is much the same everywhere; with notably courteous hosts, and presenting a gay, bright scene of red and blue uniforms, flags, flowers, feminine toilettes, and delirious whirling to such bewitching favourites as may match with "Blauen Donau," or "Abschied von München."

But one or two balls that are given by the Governor have further attraction still for the admirer of the picturesque. These are the occasions when full dress is *de rigueur;* when the consuls are more ornamented than usual, the sable gentleman who represents Morocco, appears in gorgeous array, and a good many Spanish officers are invited and attend in uniforms covered with gold lace. Most of the Spanish officers whom I met were very small men, surprisingly so, considering that their countrymen are, as a rule, tall, besides being well proportioned. Is it, that in the higher circles that supply the upper ranks of the

service, *physique* is deteriorating? and that in Spain as in Italy, the peasant and the bourgeois monopolize the bone and muscle, whatever may become of the "sangre azul?"

These militaires did not enter much into the pleasures of the dance, and some of them declined doing so, for the reason that "the English ladies went round so fast in the valse." Certainly the slow, laboured pace at which they themselves revolved would have been trying to the fair ones skimming like swallows about the room.

At the supper table these gentlemen were evidently astonished at seeing such substantial provision made for restoring exhausted nature. Their remarks were most amusing; for accustomed as they are to *panales* and cold water as the sole recruiting agents after Terpsichorean fatigue and excitement, the boars' heads, pheasants, and other dishes usual with us on such occasions, now spread before them, afforded a gratifying sight, novel as it might be to their eyes.

In winter, ladies have a choice of natural flowers for wearing in their hair.

A rather mysterious effect is produced some-

times by the flower known as the "changeable rose." * A girl enters the room, with white roses, pure and cold, as her adorning; in the second valse her partner notices that the fair things are *blushing*, and when he claims her for the last galop at 5 A.M., he sees they have become bright pink. She places them carefully in water on her return home, and in the course of the day lo and behold, their colour has deepened into red.

Probably they now and then symbolize the wearer's feelings? at any rate they furnish a pretty simile for the growth of "la belle passion." The change they undergo is so rapid as to appear almost magical; you can well-nigh see the flush intensifying as you watch the delicate petals.

Apropos of evening amusements, it may be interesting to know how the majority of people are conveyed to and from them.

Closed vehicles are very scarce, therefore not always obtainable; and if disappointed in this respect, you are obliged to climb into or on a car of excruciating construction, and then you must hold on for dear life, while the driver, impatient

* Tree peony.

to set you down and fetch other people, dashes away as if the Wild Huntsman were pursuing.

Suddenly, he pulls up with a jerk that may send the whole party flying; he has been challenged by a sentry.

"Officers' ladies," he cries, if there is no gentleman; (it would take too much time to specify relationships): if you are accompanied, the glitter of the uniform is enough, and the "Jarvey," with energetic efforts again gets his horse up to the pace which alone is considered satisfactory, viz., full gallop.

With the usual cool politeness of his countrymen, the man may perhaps explain why he is in such a hurry; and once when this occurred, he slightly electrified his "fare." "I must make haste," he said in Spanish, "for I have to take"—— But never mind what he said, as he referred to one of the ladies whose names were being rather bandied about in the place just then, as aerial nothings to be treated shuttle-cock fashion. He used plain language.

The scandals of the garrison are very edifying to the native population; the strict etiquette of Spanish society precluding the possibility of much

that might give rise to gossip ever taking place therein, or even an exhibition of those friendly familiarities common in English circles, which are occasionally misleading, even if the suspicions they may raise are groundless. As for the vulgarities of "fast" persons, the bad taste of them excites the disgust and condemnation of these unsophisticated foreigners, and British ears would often tingle if all the remarks heard by them were understood.

Of course here, as in small communities generally, the "little great" are very great indeed; there is a tendency to fall down and worship the official images set up, and sometimes there is vast assumption, where but a sorry foundation exists on which to raise a structure of arrogance. But these weaknesses are to be met with all the world over in one form or another. They are amusing to the cosmopolite, who can afford to smile at the vagaries of human nature; and they do not interfere with his social enjoyment, for amongst the numerous gentlemen and gentlewomen who are resident temporarily or otherwise on the Rock, there is always plenty of good and agreeable

society. Moreover, friendships based on congeniality of taste or feeling are more valued here than at home, where, with a wider range of acquaintances, there is less concentration of interest in the choice few; and the bond which unites individuals of the same country and class when they meet in a foreign land is also felt in a degree even at this station.

Many and pleasant were the entertainments at which I was a guest during my sojourn at Gibraltar; and to those given by the Governor, and the military balls, may be added the gaieties for which we were indebted to our naval friends of the Channel Squadron—hospitable receptions on board their ships, and a return-ball to the garrison, which far eclipsed the result of any effort made for *their* gratification, and was a brilliant success.

Amusement is not confined to the gentry. The lower orders lead a merry life, especially such of them as are on the "visiting list" of the soldiers, for the dances the latter give exceed in number those of the officers, and they are conducted with as much form and ceremony. The Juanitas,

Manuelas, Rosalias, Doloreses, &c., who honour these gaieties with their presence, go chaperoned by a mother or female relative—generally a witch-like, prematurely old woman with a cotton handkerchief tied over her head. This attractive duenna accompanies her charge, remains to watch her proceedings, and sees her safely back to her master's house—presuming the girl to be a servant—then hobbles to her own home, to start in an hour or so on the laborious duties of her working day.

Christmas is kept rather noisily. Young men and boys go about with guitars and tambourines making hideous discord.

The instruments are usually ornamented with an orange or two, and a few leaves; and boughs of this fruit and of lemons, supplied probably by the garden, form the house-decoration during the festive season. In the churches, garlands made of the leaf of the pepper-tree, with the scarlet flower of the Barbadoes aloe, and white roses and arums, are very effective as a substitute for holly.

During the carnival there is some masquerading in the streets, and the Spaniards have *bals masqués*

at the theatre; but there is not the general abandonment to fun and frolic which distinguishes Italian cities at that time.

Thus high and low, Britisher and Iberian, seem provided with amusements; and to those already named must be added the hunting that there is in winter; as a pack of foxhounds is kept by subscription, and the neighbouring country is scoured by the Nimrods of the garrison.

It is rough work by all accounts: the goat-like scrambling and climbing over the rocky Sierras, would astonish some of our Squire Westerns, and their horses too.

The short rides are somewhat circumscribed for ladies. *The* one, *par excellence*, is to the Cork Wood, fourteen miles distant, interesting in itself, and for the fine scenery passed through on the way thither; but this expedition though often planned, was never effected by me; nor, although on several occasions at Algeciras, did I ever go on to "The Falls," a pretty spot near. "Procrastination in an affair which one fancies can be achieved at any time, too often leads to its being left

undone entirely.' Said you not so ——?—apropos of these very excursions?

The ordinary afternoon's ride is, to pass the lines, labour through some heavy sand, get a canter over the bit of tufty grass on Campo Green —perhaps trot up the hill to San Roque and indulge in a glass of milk punch at Macrae's; or follow the shore line: here, at one spot, some remains may yet be traced of the city of Carteia.

A very considerable place it must have been, and with a history worth knowing attaching to it; for this was the Phœnician *Melech Kartha*, or King's-town, the city of Hercules. *Tartessus*, too, they called it; and it represented Western Tyre. But a farmhouse on the summit of a hill is all you see to mark the site, the stones of which it was built having been used in the erection of the neighbouring towns and villages.

At low tide, riding along the beach is very delightful; for you revel in a sense of freedom which you cannot do in the cramped area of the rock-bound promontory that looks so grand yet fair across the blue water of the Bay; and there

is moreover, elasticity in the air, a quality lacking on the Rock. The sole drawback to enjoyment arises from the numbers of Spanish peasants heavily laden, and with donkeys ditto, that you have to avoid riding over on the narrow strip of hard sand with its beds of seaweed, which is the only road; and as these gentry—the human ones—are, it is averred, rather given to knocking themselves down (to use a Paddyism), with a view to extorting damages from the careless rider, one has to rein in oftener than is agreeable.

Little sand-martins haunt the shore, flitting about you most confidingly; for at least a couple of miles one day, some of these birds kept wheeling and chattering round us and our horses as we galloped along. Ah, one has to gallop hard occasionally; for the garrison gates are shut at sunset, and woe to the luckless wight who seeks admittance at those grim portals afterwards. The prospect of a night at the Spanish lines is scarcely pleasant, and the consequent scene of hurrying to get back before gun-fire is sometimes laughable.

By-the-way, twice a year there are races at the

north front: not quite a reflection of Newmarket or Doncaster, but a sufficient excuse for luncheons and flirtation; so that the Briton, if he cannot enjoy the reality, can yet have a fair semblance of his home pleasures in this southern land.

CHAPTER V.

TANGIER.

It was cool, breezy March, that saw me sojourning for awhile at Tangier.

Visible on a clear day from Gibraltar, it is reached in about four hours from thence, by the steamers that ply to and fro at stated but yet uncertain periods: uncertain for the reason, that should the advertised boat be suddenly required for towing a ship through the straits, her owners employ her for that more lucrative service in preference, and the disappointed public must wait.

Amongst the passengers are usually many Moors, Barbary Jews, Spanish soldiers—small, sallow, tight-waisted, and loose-trousered; and market people in their picturesque attire, carrying their reed baskets full of comestibles with one

hand, and perhaps a bunch of live fowls with the other. Or the said bunch may be thrown down on deck, or slung over the owner's shoulder, with equal unconcern, and in utter disregard of the clamour made by the poor birds, and their frantic efforts to regain their perpendicular. These objects will be seen as you look forward.

But the after-part of the vessel may present scenes of interest in the family groups of Spaniards, married couples with their children, &c., and others of a respectable class sitting or standing about. You will notice the Señor papa, enveloped in the ample folds of his brown cloth *capa*—grave, thoughtful, and smoking his gigantic cigar in silence; the Señora his wife, pale and plump, her raven locks exquisitely braided and plaited, and gleaming blue-black from beneath the lace *velo* of her *mantilla;* and her fan doing duty, whether the day be warm or cold. Always graceful, generally gracious as well, there is something very pleasing about the Spanish woman, of whatever grade of life she may be. Native kindliness, and innate tact, supply the place of education amongst the lower orders in their social relations; whilst in a

higher sphere, natural dignity and amiability form a charming combination. They seem to be very affectionate parents, making companions of their little ones from an early age; and to this fact may perhaps be attributed the wonderfully precocious manners possessed by some of these baby creatures. Even the very poorest people, make 'politeness' the first lesson to be acquired by the infant mind.

In illustration of this, a friend was relating one day a scene he had witnessed, which he described as infinitely amusing. It was a meeting between two tiny beggar children, both of them in rags, and begrimed with dirt. Wholly unconscious of observation, they met, bowed formally, like their betters, and then each proceeded to make particular inquiries as to the health and well-being of the family to which the other belonged, and all was done with a seriousness and gravity that approached the comic. Yet it was perfectly natural, and every-day behaviour.

But to resume our voyage. Dropping our Spanish passengers at Algeciras, we soon steamed out of the bay, rounded Cabrita Point, and rather hugged the Andalusian shore till we reached

Tarifa. This afforded us a good opportunity of seeing the coast scenery,—bold hills which seem to "dove-tail" one into the other, in different shades of warm grey and violet. Several spots have historical associations connected with them; and all along the beach are Martello towers that remind one of the Kentish and Sussex seaboard.

Here and there, the yellow, sandy foreground is varied with the brown-green of olive plantations, stretching inland, and the richer-hued orange groves. At Guadalmar, a romantic-looking spot, embosomed in purple mountains, yet open to the glowing sun, are grown the finest oranges in Europe.

After touching at the ancient town of Tarifa, our steamer crossed over direct to Tangier; and the swell of the Atlantic, here encountered in a chopping sea, was far from agreeable.

Tangier lies on the western side of its bay, and on a slope. Its snow-white battlemented walls surround the town completely: they grin at you along the water's edge, mount the hill, and run along its summit—encircling in their inclosure

the steep, narrow lanes, the almost windowless houses, the mosques and minarets, and palm-trees, —all those features of an Eastern city. There they lie on the hillside for your contemplation; with green undulating land before you, and "Afric's golden sands" rolling down to kiss the sea at your feet.

Up through the gullies, and away far inland amid broken rising ground, you can see those yellow tracts—dotted here and there with lines of black specks—trains of camels or of asses heavily laden, going with merchandise into the interior.

It stands before you like a picture, and you feel inclined to gaze and moralise; but you are roused from a coming reverie by finding the steamer has stopped a long way from shore—for the harbour is shallow and rocky, and there is no pier: boats surround the vessel, and a shrieking crowd of bare-legged, bare-breasted Moors, and ebon-faced sons of Ethiop, are seizing your luggage and you, and getting you transferred to boats. This is accomplished, and the lusty crew pull away through the heavy surf, towards a point on the beach where there is a small crowd congregated.

But ere we reach it we are again surrounded. This time it is half-naked, screeching creatures brandishing chairs, and vociferating wildly, who take possession of one. Almost before you are aware, you are hoisted up in the air between two of these noisy beings, and are being carried through the waves. They set me down very gently—I must say that for them; and then half-bewildered, I returned the gaze of curiosity of the crowd gathered around.

What piercing black eyes looked out from the men's flannel cowls! What soft ones from the shadow of the women's veils! A huge negro, black as Erebus, but smiling as the light, recognised Mr. ———, who introduced us to his sable friend, as to an official who could do us service; and after a hand-shaking, this dark gentleman in the big turban and cream-coloured robes passed us pleasantly through the custom-house ordeal, and we proceeded, with an escort of rabble, to Martin's hotel. On the way, our cortége was swelled by a tribe of Jew lads, who probably, as it was their Sabbath, were enjoying a holiday. Their intense gratification knew no bounds at the advent of

strangers. Freely passing their remarks upon us, which, perhaps luckily, we did not understand, they clapped their hands, grinned, shouted frantically, flourished sticks, and executed various *pas* in our pathway, which it is to be supposed expressed the exuberance of their pleasure. At any rate, the young monkeys proved that the genus *gamin* is not confined to Europe. Their elders meanwhile, in their clean white linen, dark tunics, and skull caps, looked on with that quiet air which they all have.

The Jews of Barbary appear a small race of men—short, slight, weakly,—in fact, degenerate; and they form a striking contrast to the Moor, who, in fine *physique* and manly bearing, is a model.

It is said that the reason why a sickly or misshapen Moor is rarely if ever seen, is, that the rough training to which they are subjected in childhood while hardening the constitutions that are naturally robust, is fatal to the delicate ones. Hence, through truly Spartan management, strength and health are the rule amongst them. The middle-aged men sometimes become 'pudding-

faced,' and look animal; but generally as age advances, the features elongate, the dignified reserve of expression increases—though the keen eye still preserves its fire—and a 'magnificent head' is the result. You may fancy the patriarchs of old to have stepped from their graves as you encounter their noble forms and faces—simple yet grand; such as are seen now-a-days only in ideal representations of those primitive fathers.

As for the women, those whose faces I contrived to see, were soft-looking and placid rather than pretty, and though possessed of fine eyes, the latter failed to charm one, from their utter want of expression.

Some of the children are attractive. Baby girls have to keep their chubby cheeks veiled, (what a bore it must be to them!) and little boys strut about in the long jelebeyah, and look singularly comic when the hood is over the head and the point of it sticking up in the air.

The Jewish women carry off the palm of beauty; and those people who are only familiar with the type which they see in Northern Europe, can form no idea of the very different style of loveliness

which is the portion of these daughters of Israel in Morocco,—for one is as unlike the other as possible: but of them, more anon.

As we struggle up through the stony narrow lanes we have to "look alive" lest we should be knocked down by the numerous donkeys we meet, with their great panniers projecting so far on either side as almost to fill up the passage, and we also encounter a large party of sportsmen just returning from an unsuccessful boar-hunting expedition. They are furnished with long spears, and look rather warlike thus accoutred for the chase. Sometimes the sport is very exciting, and the officers from Gibraltar often cross over to Barbary to enjoy this amusement, as well as the shooting which the neighbourhood affords.

We found Martin's Hotel a comfortable house, fitted up in the English style. The public drawing-room might have been an apartment in any of our coast towns, and it was difficult to realise its not being so, as, amid the unwonted luxury of carpets and curtains, we sat looking out upon the stormy sea, swept by the rough March wind.

The *salle-à-manger* did not take our fancy; it

looked dark and gloomy in the chilly weather, and in the dim lamplight the waiters, in their long white garments, were suggestive of ghosts. But the table d'hôte dinner was good (the cook an Italian), and amongst the twenty guests who sat down together were some who were entertaining. An American did a good deal of tall talk in enlarging upon the greatness of his country, and informed us that he was travelling with the intention of giving his opinions to the world afterwards in the shape of a book. He did not guess there was another "chiel amang us takin' notes," but unburdened himself of his ideas very freely. Fresh from the young Western States, these were interesting to hear, and as his conversation abounded in racy humour this gentleman made an amusing vis-à-vis.

After dinner, a native musician came and played in the entry. He was a large, swarthy negro, enveloped in ample white robes, and his instrument was a sort of mandoline of two strings. Poor as the resources at his command were, he really produced a surprising effect; while the droning, monotonous chant of his rich bass voice was positively bearable

for a time. During his performance the waiters and guides stood round, making a picturesque group. One was a young Jew, whose dress was a grey tunic and red sash; another was a Moor, with a close-fitting white suit, a crimson bag slung across his shoulder, and full white drawers reaching to the knee, bare legs below; while towering above a knot of other "guides" or "interpreters," in their woollen garments, was our allotted attendant, Mahomed Ben Hadji (or son of a Hadji, or Mecca pilgrim), a tall, fine man, wearing just then the costume in which he assisted at waiting at table, viz., a long robe of shining white linen, bearing a startling resemblance to a night-shirt. Dancing was asked for by some of the audience, and a waiter came forward and executed a *pas seul* to the drowsy tone of the singer and the twanging accompaniment. Probably the dancer gave us a national definition of the poetry of motion, but he did nothing more than shiver and shake himself rather ungracefully and uncomfortably.

Mahomed having been told off to us, was at our disposition at all times, and usually sat in the entry or lounged in the *patio*, awaiting a summons.

English, French, Spanish, and Arabic were at his tongue's end; and being very intelligent, and of good manners and temper, he was unexceptionable for his post, and we esteemed ourselves fortunate in having his services secured to us. The first walk we took was immediately upon our arrival, when we obtained a general idea of the town previous to seeing it in detail.

Of course everyone knows its history, and the special interest which it has for Englishmen from the fact of its having once been a British possession. It came to us as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., and was given up by us in 1684. It now belongs to Morocco, is under the rule of the Emperor, and a local Governor or Bashaw resides in the alcazar or castle.

Considering how near the place is to Europe, and how much it is resorted to not only for purposes of commerce but for health and from curiosity, it is wonderful that it should retain the peculiarities of an Eastern town so strongly marked. Yet so it is, and its Oriental character is better preserved than in other places like Algiers

and Cairo, which have been more exposed to European influences.

When we first sallied forth for our walk we were so pressed upon and followed by the inquisitive and unsavoury crowd of idlers in the narrow alleys of the town, that Mahomed had to return for his stick, which he had forgotten. Then, armed with this stout weapon, he marched on in front, and bestowing blows and pushes right and left—blows for the donkeys and contumacious urchins, pushes for the old hags that begged, and the younger women that stopped the way—we managed to get on. The streets are pitched with such rough stones that the ankles get twisted cruelly in walking fast, and our tall guide's stride was difficult to keep up with. The principal street has shops on each side like open stalls, and in some of them you can see the articles which are sold there, being manufactured. Thus, the whole process of embroidering and making up the handsome slippers, cushion-covers, &c., known as Moorish, goes on under your eyes at one stall; at another, you may observe the dexterity with which the reed baskets and mats are made. Stopping at the

next open window, you can see a tailor stitching away upon gay-coloured clothes, for feminine as well as masculine attire; for upon one occasion of our passing a shop of this description Mahommed, begging us to wait a moment, entered it, and appeared to be giving directions of an important nature. When he came out again he coolly explained, "They sent my wife a new dress home, and it doesn't fit round the neck; so I had to tell them about having it altered."

But perhaps the most interesting of the shops are those of the letter-writers. They are very neat, with their scrolls and parchments placed in order on the shelves; and the writer himself, generally a venerable, intelligent-looking old man, with a long grey beard, and with spectacles on nose, sits there, writing to the dictation of a client. Then there is a great deal of pottery for sale, both at shops and spread out in the open street, It is excessively coarse, but, the patterns being all arabesque, the colours blend well, and the *distant* effect is good; the shapes, too, especially of some of the jars, are graceful. Jewelry and shawls, or rather *yaks*, may be purchased at several places;

but the latter are Algerian, and the former is all supposed to come from Birmingham—the enamel and inlaid ornaments that one purchases so cheaply in the Rue de Rivoli or in Regent Street. Rare stones and curiously-wrought ornaments may occasionally, they say, be met with, but we saw none.

The smaller streets, if such they can be called, are mere alleys between white walls, with here and there a low door, which may be the entrance to a comfortable and superior tenement, though there is nothing to indicate this in its exterior. The Belgian consul kindly allows his house to be shown to visitors: so, taking advantage of the privilege, we went over it under Mahommed's guidance. It is a perfect *bijou* of Moorish architecture and decoration; small, but exquisitely finished. The arrangement is the same as in all houses here and in southern Spain, viz., a "patio" in the centre, paved with encaustic tiles, and supplied with a fountain, and light galleries running round it, into which the different apartments open. It seemed to be quite a museum of African curiosities, and looked, what it was, a bachelor's "fancy." The drawing-room, how-

ever, was furnished in the European style, and contained several pictures of small size, but of merit, of the Flemish school. The young Moor, "Hamet," who admitted us, might have walked out of the "Arabian Nights," with his round, placid face, his white, loose robe, and profound salaam.

Indeed, one could almost imagine oneself to be transported into that quaint dreamland whilst wandering about for the first time amongst scenes so thoroughly Eastern. But it is the people, rather than the buildings, that excite the chief interest. Every group you see forms a picture; every individual in it a study, except in the case of the women. These shuffle along awkwardly, with their slippered feet, their figures so concealed by the *yak* in which they are muffled that it is impossible to tell whether they are well-formed or not, and they leave no features of the face visible save the eyes, and generally only one of these can be seen. It was amusing sometimes, when we turned a corner suddenly, and came upon a woman whose veil had dropped, to notice the hasty way in which, at sight of Mahommed, she pulled her

often ragged wrap over her face. Old toothless grandames and little girls were just as fearful of being seen as the young women.

The children gaze at you with shy amazement. My admiration for one of the latter led to an unexpected result. Its bright little Arab face, with its brilliant eyes, and rows of pearly teeth, and its setting of crisp black curls, attracted me; and stepping towards the brown mite, I was going to caress it, when an elder brother, who was doing nurse and guardian, advanced with a menacing air, muttered something angrily, and shook his stick at me!

Naturally surprised, I turned to Mahommed for an explanation. He informed me with a smile that the boy thought I was going to *steal the child!*

Hear it, ye chicks at home—what these blackamoors are saying of your auntie!

But perhaps the strangest-looking of all the many strange forms that are to be encountered in the place, are the wild, untamed Riffs. They are a rude, lawless race, who inhabit the rocky northern coast of Barbary, neither submitting to

nor acknowledging the rule of the sultan of Morocco. They are dreaded pirates; and as they have been known to carry off ships' crews who have been wrecked on their inhospitable shores, seamen generally give the latter a wide berth, and rarely attempt a landing. They look dirty and unkempt, and are easily distinguished by their peculiarity of having their heads close shaven, with the exception of one solitary lock at the side. This, as it is never cut, often grows very long, and it is plaited, and tied at the end with ribbon.

According to their belief, Mohammed will, by this precious lock, draw them up to heaven!

The Mohammedans here are fanatical, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to gain entrance to any of the mosques. But I peeped into one as we passed the open door, and saw that the building was lofty, and the upper portion of the walls—all I could see (for a screen placed inside the door jealously concealed the lower part from view) was white as snow. Floods of light poured in from the sunny skies, and no "mysterious gloom" or "dim religious light" reigned there. Scrupulously clean, and severely simple, the temple

seemed suited to the primitive creed, "Allah il Allah." The minarets are most elaborate in decoration, and remind one of Bombay inlaid work, the patterns being as finished, and the colours as delicate and harmonious. The pervading tone of the minarets of the principal mosque is a silvery green, and those belonging to another are of a reddish hue relieved with white. Close beside each edifice grows a tall, spreading palm.

The Alcazar stands on high ground, and commands the town. After climbing the ill-paved path which leads to it, we were glad to follow the example of sundry Moors, and seat ourselves on the stone seats by the gateway, while we surveyed the scene before us. From our elevation we looked down into the winding alleys, and on the flat roofs, where housewives might be seen carrying on their domestic avocations, or sitting quietly with their children; and beyond all this the fertile country—fold upon fold of verdure—the restless bay, the shifting sands; and, far away in the dreamy distance, cloudlike mountains tenderly melting into the pale blue ether. Whilst gazing

around us we observed a tall, intelligent-looking man of dignified deportment pass by, and were told by our guide that it was the official who stood next in rank to the Bashaw. We turned in at the gate, and found ourselves in the Alcazar. Anything more drearily uncomfortable than these "palace" precincts looked, could hardly be found in similar localities. Blank walls and grass-grown open spaces, seemed the chief features of this extensive inclosure. The stables presented the most habitable appearance; but perhaps the interior of some of the abodes might have been a pleasing surprise to us. Not so, however, was one to which our attention was called, with its inmates visible—if we chose to look through the grating into the gloom—a prison. The stables I would have liked to visit; for some lovely Arabs and a Barb picketed outside made me long to see more of their fraternity; but we had not thought of obtaining permission for this.

Whilst descending towards the town on our homeward way we heard a barbarous din, and could distinguish a kind of procession passing through the streets. It was a Moorish wedding,

the bride being taken to her future residence shut up in a box; but the parties were of the lower orders, and there was nothing beyond this box and a noisy crowd to be seen.

Excitement in another direction, with firing, was caused by a number of persons on their way to a "saint's" house. "They are taking him a present," explained Mahommed. Possibly the "saint" was only a poor idiot, whose witless ravings were regarded in the light of inspired utterances; for the imbecile is here considered a holy person: or else the people were offering a "testimonial" in recognition of the superior sanctity of some miserably filthy creature, whose extra griminess was his chief virtue; for, strange to say of these Mussulmans with whom "cleanliness is next to godliness" as a rule, and whose frequent ablutions form a part of their religion, they have, on going on pilgrimage, to abstain from these washings; nor are they permitted to change their clothing. The state in which the pilgrims return, after perhaps an absence of several months, may therefore be imagined. So bad is it, that on the arrival of a caravan at Tangier, it is

usual to camp out the people outside the walls; they are not received into the town. This is a preventive measure; as hard fare, exposure, and dirt, naturally produce sickness among the travelling multitude.

Mahommed told us that he purposed going to Mecca next year: he would be eight months about it, and he should take his wife.

"How many wives have you, Mahommed?"

"Only one," was the answer. "A great many men have only one wife each."

CHAPTER VI.

TANGIER—*continued.*

After breakfast on the following morning we visited the Soco, or market, which is held twice a week on a piece of open ground outside the upper gate, Bab-el-sok, and is one of the sights of the place.

The crowd was so great of men, women, and children, horses, mules, and asses, that it was a difficult matter to press through the throng, and it would have been impossible but for the energetic exertions of our guide. The people were none of them rude, only their inquisitiveness was troublesome; for, instead of making way, they mobbed and followed us to gaze at the strange ladies and their strange attire—not surprising, when it is remembered that many of the people had come long distances from the

interior, and had rarely, if ever, seen European women.

Fruit and vegetables lay in heaps on the ground, and live poultry struggled everywhere. There was bread for sale, and it looked rather nice — like the batch-cakes made in English country homes; and there were sellers of *kibobs*— things which looked anything *but* nice; and various messes of sweets were also to be had. But what was most interesting in this assemblage of old-world objects was the Arab tent, made of coarse camel's-hair or goat's-hair cloth. Several of these veritable "tents of Kedar," small and black, were pitched under shelter of the walls, as well as in the open; and here and there a sort of *tente d'abri*, consisting of a few poles with a cloth thrown across them, formed a family residence of a temporary kind. Presently we came upon a serpent-charmer, and stopped to watch his performances. He began by pushing the crowd back until he had formed a circle; and then, while another man beat a small drum, or "tom-tom," and he himself kept up a wild song or incantation, he proceeded to draw some snakes

out of a bag, and to pull them about in an unpleasantly familiar manner.

The man was a half-crazy looking fellow, with a lot of long elf-locks dangling over his face, or hanging in disorder round his head, as he threw himself into strange contortions and appeared like one "possessed."

The snakes, about five or six feet long, to the number of seven, were soon wriggling along the ground; and after affecting to attract them by his horrible noises and frantic gestures, he seized them each by the tail, and holding them all together, allowed their heads to approach his. Some of them fastened themselves on his nose, others on his lip—and he suffered them to hang on for awhile, though proofs were not wanting that they were *biting* him. Of course, they were either harmless, or their venom had been extracted; and this knowledge only made the affair seem the more stupid, as it lacked even the unhealthy excitement which the presence of danger might have awakened.

The charlatan then pretended to produce fire from a bundle of dirty straw; and the ignorant spectators, who were not in the "match" secret,

seemed much impressed with this wonderful feat.

After the serpents and the fire were done with, the man had a ligature tied round the upper part of his left arm; and before we had any idea of what he was going to do, he had inflicted four or five deep gashes on the fleshy part below the elbow, and the blood was streaming freely.

Disgusted at the revolting exhibition, we turned hastily away—just as the creature was stripping himself to the waist, preparatory to performing other savage tricks.

Another day, he came to Martin's Hotel, and showed off his tame snakes in the *patio*, whilst three turbaned assistants squatted on the stones, and made a hideous noise with their musical instruments. Anything more barbarous than the whole thing it would be difficult to find so close upon the borders of civilization.

From the Soco we repaired to the wheat-market, to see the camels ere they started on their homeward way under fresh burdens. A few were fine animals, but many were changing their coats, and looked out of condition as well. As for the

wretched horses and donkeys that came in laden with country produce for the Soco, the gaping wounds on many of them, the sore backs and sore feet, gave them a pitiable appearance, surpassing far that of the costermonger's much-enduring brute in England.

Still, the animals form part of an Arab or a Moorish family, and are as well cared for as the other members — only, like them, they have to rough it.

You rarely see sticks used for correction, but the goad is not spared. When you hire a donkey for riding, a small piece of wood, with a sharp iron spike at the end, and attached to a piece of string, is put into your hand—if you will have it; but we fancy that giving those vicious digs would not be to any lady's taste.

After the magnificent Spanish asses, those in Morocco look very small; and there is a breed in Barbary that is exceedingly diminutive.

These latter are pretty little creatures, and, being very strong, make good mounts for young children.

There is no English place of worship at Tangier, but when a clergyman happens to be in the town,

divine service is held at the British legation. This chanced to be the case during our visit; so at the appointed hour, eleven, we repaired to Sir John Hay's, and found about twenty persons assembled in the dining-room, where benches had been placed, and temporary arrangements made for the gathering.

A wonderful quietude reigned: the room was shaded by large pepper-trees in the courtyard, that cast their dancing shadows on the white walls opposite; and through the branches of the trees the sunbeams filtered, to glance upon the bright blue and gold-green plumage of a peacock, that, with his mate, came to contemplate the scene through one of the windows.

The service, and holy communion that followed, must have been to some there like refreshment in the wilderness, and to the passing traveller it was solemn and soothing. Under its influence, too, the hope grew stronger, that one day the waning Crescent may fade altogether before the glorified Cross, and that all the dark places of the earth may be illumined by the Light of the World. But the time seems, as yet, remote.

In our walks we encountered more than once, a party of Spanish priests, and found, on inquiry, that the Roman Catholics have a Mission in the place. Judging from our informant's manner, they do not make many converts amongst a people who look with horror upon image-worship, and cannot see the distinction between an idol of plain wood or stone, and one dressed in gorgeous raiment.

The variety of sects amongst Protestants is also equally puzzling to them. That "unity in diversity, and diversity in unity," which gives scope for expansion of thought, and admits of different classes of minds, showing their reception of the same truth in diverse ways, cannot be understood or appreciated, save under certain conditions of mental culture. The one-idea'd Mahommedan does not puzzle his brain with polemics, but accepts his simple theological system, and the gross materialism which it permits, without troubling himself to discuss the matter.

He is content: and the follower of Islam makes a bad subject for proselytism. But even from him Christians may learn something. His personal cleanliness would shame them

too often; and the regularity of his prayers is a recognition of religious obligation which is instructive.

The windows of our room looked upon some tanks, where, the whole day long, Moors and others were performing their ablutions. This was done with the utmost decorum; and many were the picturesque figures that came to scrub and scrape their faces, hands, and feet on the brink of the little ponds, and to finish up at the sparkling stream in the corner of the upper tank.

Not content with washing themselves, some of them soused their baskets, and cleansed their clothes and slippers; and one man, whose burden was fish, purified that also, along with the rest of his belongings, by immersion in the public bath. A young negro, who occasionally came with a pitcher to fetch water, was a perfect picture—dressed in his short skirt, or kilt, of striped gold colour and emerald green, his scarlet head-dress, and white vest. His neck, arms, and legs—black as ebony—were bare; his frame looked powerful as that of an athlete; and the easy grace with which he lifted his pitcher to his shoulder, and

strode away with it when filled, showed that undrilled nature may be graceful.

Sometimes a Mussulman spread his square of carpet, and kneeling down upon it with his face towards Mecca, would remain for awhile engaged in his devotions, quite undisturbed by anything going on around; while very often a hooded figure might be seen seated by the roadside, reading from the Koran.

It was at all hours a busy scene to look upon, and the hotel being close to the lower gate—"Bab-el-Marsa"—nothing passed in or out of the latter without being visible from our windows.

No women ever came to the tanks, and the Jews have a separate spot for their own use, in the centre of the town.

But of all the Mahommedan customs, perhaps the most striking is the unique, impressive one, of calling from the minarets in the dead of night.

Lying awake, I heard the cry, "Allah il Allah!" breaking the deep stillness. The voice was high in the air, and it sounded weird and strange—unearthly. But there it was, clear enough; and the effect of hearing these peculiar tones was inex-

pressibly solemn. Twice or thrice during the night the cry goes forth. Christians, perhaps, would often be benefited by such a reminder.

On Sunday afternoon we took a quiet walk into the country with Mahommed, and sat for awhile in a garden belonging to the landlord of our hotel, enjoying the lovely views and sweet fresh air. The road thither was partly across a bit of breezy common, and along narrow lanes bordered with bamboo fencing and sugar-canes. On the way we passed the suburban residences of the Swedish and Belgian consuls, and were allowed to walk through the grounds of the latter, whose town-house we had previously seen.

The villa itself is Cockney-Moorish, and the gardens, without turf, or gravel, or bordering, looked wild and untidy to English eyes. But some of the shrubs were strangers, and therefore attracted our notice.

The following day was chiefly spent in the occupation which is presumed to be so particularly delightful to ladies — viz., shopping; and under Mahommed's guidance we were taken first to see an embroideress—a Jewess. Her house was built

on the same plan as all the others, and seemed very dirty and uncomfortable, and crowded with young women and girls — some mere children — all of whom were stitching away, seated on low chairs in the gallery on the first floor, that ran round the house and encircled the *patio*. The proprietress took our orders in her bedroom — a neat little apartment with a French bedstead in it, polished floor, and pretty curtains. The specimens of embroidery shown us were on muslin, the work very like Swiss, and quite as effective.

The tableaux presented by these workers were full of colour. The stairs were red; the walls white; the gallery railing green. The dresses of the girls were of all hues, but much softened by white; and as they sat in their different attitudes, a painter would have found many a study.

The Jewesses of Barbary are very lovely, but with a beauty so totally different to that of their Northern sisters, that it need be described. In the first place, they have complexions of lily-fairness, on which the rose alternately glows and fades; the nose is straight — almost pure Greek; the mouth ripe and tender, and the whole contour of

the face pleasing: but the eyes are the most beautiful feature—large and soft, fringed with long, dark lashes, and gentle and kindly in expression—nothing can be imagined more winning amongst women's wiles than one of their glances.

And not only are the young girls attractive, the matrons seem to retain their charms in wonderful preservation. Several whom we noticed in Tangier, who had grown-up daughters, were models of comeliness, in a refined "fat, fair, and forty" style; and their dress is becoming to them at that age. In this respect of the retention of good looks they have the advantage over the Moorish and Spanish women, who soon become coarse and "overblown"—so much so, that often at thirty the latter look nearly double their age.

Our next visit was to a house where feathers were to be obtained. Two fine specimens of the flamingo had just been brought in, and an African owl, whose delicately speckled breast I quickly secured. But it so chanced that that day there was no choice of rare plumes.

The rest of our purchases were made at the

shops in the street, and consisted of Moorish trays, cushions, slippers, &c. The latter we knew to be genuine as local productions, since we could see them in every stage of progress; and in woollen yak cloth, too, you may secure an article manufactured in the country; but many of the finer materials are of doubtful origin—a fact of which I once heard an amusing instance, in the case of some muslin curtains, prettily figured with different coloured wools.

Delighted with this novelty—so Oriental in effect, a traveller bought largely of the fabric, intending to astonish her friends with these unique decorations. To her extreme disgust she afterwards found that the same stuff could be obtained at Gibraltar for half the cost—that it was from either Scotch or Manchester looms, and made specially for the Moorish market!

There are the ruins of a Roman bridge about two miles from Tangier, and every one considers it a duty to see them; but Roman remains are common enough in this part of the world; a weary walk to reach them, with the wind blowing the fine sand into your eyes half the distance,

made one exclaim, "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." We gave the preference to lounging about amongst the picturesque scenes in which the town so richly abounds, and to securing some sketches from the airy heights of the Marchande.

To visit Cape Spartel is also one of the things that people are expected to do who stay in its vicinity, and we ordered mules for the purpose, intending to start on the expedition early the following morning—the earliness of the hour being a point on which Mahommed was urgent. A night of utter sleeplessness, however, with its attendant exhaustion, negatived the arrangement as far as the writer was concerned. The distance to the Cape and back would be twenty-two miles, and if, as is customary, we went on three miles further to see certain caves, it would not be less than twenty-eight. This, over rough mountain tracks, made the ride a fatiguing one; and fearful of breaking down half-way if I ventured,—which I was anxious to do if possible, for the sake of my amiable companion,—it was decided that the attempt should not under the circumstances be made at all.

The scenery is described as being very fine and wild, as you approach this north-west point—mountainous and rugged; and the views over the wide stormy Atlantic are, as such extended views always must be, grand. The lighthouse is a modern building, erected by the French, and has nothing about it of particular interest.

One of the favourite walks in the neighbourhood of Tangier is to "Mount Washington;"—a strangely cockney sound the name has, but it is so called by English and Americans in compliment to Washington Irving, whose graceful pen has made classic ground of the land of the Moors and their once flourishing kingdom in Southern Spain.

Mounted on a donkey, while my friend by preference walked, and with Mahommed stalking on in front with his long staff and flowing robes, turning occasionally to lead my animal over any difficult bit, I was irresistibly, though I hope not irreverently, reminded of the "Flight into Egypt" as usually depicted. The saddle was but a pack stuffed with straw, on which one sat sideways.

It was very high, and must have added much to the poor beast's burden.

The afternoon was lovely; and after clearing the town and long narrow paths between the lanes, it was delightful to breathe the fresh yet sun-tempered breezes that swept over the land on the wings of spring. The country undulates pleasantly: mule-paths are the only roads in this direction, and along these tracks we proceeded up hill and down dale, and through green pastures where somewhat lean cows were grazing, and Moorish women flitting about, looking very ghost-like in their white yaks, till we reached a spot known as the Jews' Bridge. Here, between two hills of slight elevation, a little river like a Welsh trout stream was making its way over boulders of rock to the Atlantic, that we could see gleaming blue through an opening ahead. Short yellow grass, patches of stony ground, here and there a white cottage, marked the hill to the right, while the one on the opposite side rose steeply, a dark mass of shrubs and trees, crowned by a ruin. With a golden sunset pouring through the ragged arches of the latter, burnishing its edges,

and gilding the brown tree-tops on the slope, the effect of the whole was to produce a most harmonious and richly-toned picture, to live evermore in memory.

We now ascended by a roughly-pitched pathway between gum cistus bushes, of which there must have been many acres. They were all in bloom—the flower large and white, but lacking the maroon touches of our English ones, that make it the "painted lady" of our juvenile notice. The Laurestina was there, flowering freely, and the yellow blossom of the Coronella—that home nurseling—growing wild here in the greatest luxuriance, was bright and abundant enough to be very effective. Arrived at the summit of the hill, we found ourselves in a green lane, full of the commoner kinds of fern, with gardens on either side of us, the suburban retreats of the Tangierines; and into one of these Mahommed obtained us admission. The rich soil appeared to require but little cultivation, and to receive only that little. The vegetation looked rank, the place untidy, but the prospect it commanded was very fine; and we much enjoyed a few minutes'

breathing time on a rustic bench, contemplating this panorama.

The tumbling, unrestful waves of the Atlantic were on our left; the Spanish coast, violet-hued, opposite; far away in the distance, the old Rock, faint and pale blue in colouring, but still grand in outline; in the foreground, the heavy shoulder of Mount Washington, the sandy creeks, the rocky shore of Morocco; and, looking inland, all the lavish fertility of a tropical climate, that leaves not much for man to do as a husbandman.

The air is particularly light and salubrious in this north-west corner of Africa, and invalids are frequently sent over here from Gibraltar, where the draughty corners and grim "Levanter" are sometimes very trying to delicate constitutions.

We made our way homeward in the lengthening twilight shadows; and in sweet country stillness, that was only broken by the tinkling music of a cow's bell, or the good-night carol of a bird.

A few hours later, we were in a different scene, and one less soothing to weak nerves. During

the table d'hôte dinner, some one came in to inform us that a Jewish wedding was to take place that evening, and that if we liked to attend it we should be welcome. Glad of the opportunity of seeing such a ceremony, we determined on going, and accordingly sallied forth at the appointed hour under the care of guides. The latter carried lanterns, for the night was pitch dark, and Tangier is as yet innocent of gas. By the glimmer in front we were led on as by an *ignis fatuus*, and had to plunge about, getting painful twists to the ankles as we stepped on a big stone with edges as sharp as a knife, the next footfall bringing us down into a pool of horrors—on to the excruciating stones again—once more into the slippery gutter. Ugh!

The bride's house was reached after sundry windings among the alleys of the town; and bending our heads as we passed through the low portal, we entered a narrow passage, and were received by some male members of the family, and ushered upstairs. It was a humble abode, and its inmates evidently belonged to the poorer class; but whitewash had been recently used with

dazzling effect upon the walls, and the muslin curtains, hung here and there, were immaculate; while, as for the people, their gentle, courteous manners would have graced any station.

Amidst a din of voices and musical instruments that threatened danger to the tympanum of the unlucky hearer, we were led into the presence of the bride. The religious part of the ceremony was over, and the young lady was awaiting the hour when she was to be conducted to her future home. There she sat, upright, mute, and motionless, with downcast eyes — a coloured statue. Anything more perfectly immobile it would be difficult to imagine, and one of us exclaimed incredulously, "It cannot be a live woman—surely it is an image dressed!"

It was only on noticing the slight heaving of the chest that we were at length assured that the form before us was of flesh and blood. She was a remarkably fine grown girl, and her face was beautiful in its regular Madonna-like features; though utterly expressionless. Her charms had been considerably heightened by art—cheeks and brows denoting that the "illuminating" process had

been gone through ; but her gossamer veil softened the effect of the paint, and she really looked like a very pretty doll.

Poor thing ! It must have been trying for her to sit there attired as she was, in that close, stifling atmosphere, and exposed to the gaze of the crowd who pressed upon her, obstructing ventilation. Several times she appeared on the point of fainting, and her mother had to fan her assiduously. The bridal dress was of scarlet cashmere, with the fan-shaped ornament in embroidery of gold, that is part of the costume of a Barbary Jewess, on one side of the front breadth of the skirt, a bodice of the same, with a thick white muslin covering for the neck ; and on the head, the most extraordinary erection ever invented for female adornment.

It consisted of a tower about three-quarters of a yard high, covered with some white material, and rich in tinsel. From this edifice, the veil was pendent, and jewels gleamed upon it, as they also did on the person of the fair bride.

It seemed strange for one in such poor circumstances to be possessed of these gems, but they

were probably only borrowed for the occasion, as it is a common practice to lay friends under contribution at these times.

After a few minutes' contemplation of this object of interest, we were taken to the bridegroom's house, which happened to be adjoining, there to see the bride brought in with the attendant ceremonies. The good-humoured crowd making way for us, we were shown into a small room well lighted by candles placed in rude sconces on the walls. The latter were washed white, with a bordering of red round the upper part. The ceiling was of dark wood. Against the wall facing us as we entered, a table had been set, with a chair placed upon it, and in a recess on the other side, stood a bedstead hung with muslin draperies. As honoured guests, we, and a few English people, including a young earl and his cousin, were accommodated with seats; and whilst waiting for the bride, we looked round upon the "company." First, there was the happy groom, a little insignificant-looking young man in a dark dress, who leant against the door-post with that sheepish air which usually dis-

tinguishes men in his position; and, next in importance, were the respective mothers of the contracting parties.

They were both of them beautiful women, in the soft, motherly style which is so charming in these Morocco Jewesses; and they wore on their heads a sort of skull-cap made of rich silk, with ends either embroidered or edged with gold fringe, hanging down behind. The mother of the bridegroom wore one of thick green silk.

She it was who presently advanced to the door, when the din of tambourines, cymbals, and flageolets announced the coming of her daughter-in-law, and as the latter stood on the threshold, lifted her veil and put to her lips a glass containing wine. After a little of this had been drunk, the glass was thrown down and dashed to pieces, "to signify that even in joy, man is no better than a broken sherd."

Then ensued a wholly unexpected proceeding, which seemed to afford great amusement to some of those concerned. The chair which had been placed upon the table was handed down, the bride

seated herself upon it, and several young men "with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," contrived to raise the chair and its fair burden, carry both together into the room, and hoist them on to the rickety table; where the young lady sat for awhile—still veiled and statuesque. Probably this was emblematical of her being enthroned as mistress in her husband's house.

Meanwhile the bridegroom had divested himself of his dark blue robe, and disclosed his bridal dress underneath, of apricot colour; but he did not take any part in what was going on, more than other spectators.

By-and-by the bride was again seized—chair "and all"—lifted from the table, carried to the end of the room, and deposited, still enthroned, on the bed, whereon also scrambled the two mothers, numerous young girls, and as many members of the family as could obtain squatting-room.

This absurd scene was too much for the risible faculties of the Englishmen present; and between the distracting "hubbub," the intolerable heat, and

stifling, unsavoury atmosphere, we were all glad to make as speedy an exit as could be managed with politeness.

All blessings attend the happy pair!

The following morning we woke to find a change in the weather, which gave us fresh experiences of the place. The toilet-table was covered with fine sand, which had penetrated the ill-fitting window; and combs were clogged, brushes full of grit, pomade had received an addition which was not an improvement, and every article of clothing in the room required a thorough shaking before it could be donned. On looking out, no distant mountains were visible; but a strong sea was running, and a wind blowing that was disturbing the serenity of the sand-hills, and sending yellow clouds from them, drifting away into the town. The Moors all wrapped their jelabeyahs more closely round their stalwart forms, and drew the hood over their heads as they battled with the gale; and their women struggled on under their heavy burdens—laden baskets, and babies carried gipsy-fashion on their backs, looking

like the inferior beings that their lords and masters consider them to be.

Apropos of this fact, we had intended this day paying a visit to the ladies composing the harem of the Governor, but as we had not signified our intention to them, and they like to have previous intimation of a morning call from Europeans, we were advised to postpone our visit, and we therefore asked Mahommed to arrange for our seeing them on the following day. Accordingly the next morning, he tapped at our door to say that he had done so, and that the ladies would receive us; but at the same time we heard that the steamer by which we purposed returning to Gibraltar was to start almost immediately, and that if we did not leave by her, an inconvenient detention of several days would be the result. What was to be done?

"Oh, the steamer won't go. There is a regular gale blowing, and the Bay is too dangerous for her to venture. See, where she is anchored for safety."

Authorities were consulted, and as usual opinions differed. The steamer would go—and

she wouldn't. At last it was decided by the sight of "Blue Peter" hoisted.

"She is going, and we have not a moment to lose." So, hastily informing some other ladies in the hotel of our intended visit, and giving them the opportunity of accompanying us, we started in haste, thinking it a pity not to see these Moorish beauties, if by possibility it could be managed.

However, on reaching the Bashaw's residence, a disappointment awaited us. That personage was at breakfast; and as his family would not be permitted to have their meal until his was over (and when that would be was of course doubtful), it was out of the question for us to wait under the circumstances, and we regretfully turned our steps from the Alcazaba.

Then Mahommed suggested that we should try and see the harem of the "richest Moor in Tangier" (forget his name), and we at once repaired to that gentleman's abode.

The door was opened by a young negress. She was a blooming damsel—if the term "blooming" can apply to blackness; and a merry one appa-

rently, judging by the broad grin, disclosing rows of pearly teeth, with which she answered Mahommed's inquiries about the ladies.

She tripped off to see if we could be admitted, and as she did so, we noticed her short, gay skirts, and the substantial limbs, naked to the knees, beneath them, with the bangles round the ankles.

Presently she came back to say that her mistress was away. Mahommed did not believe this, and sent her again to ask if the other ladies could receive us, explaining that we were leaving soon, and should not be able to call again.

When the slave returned, she admitted us, and leaving Mahommed outside, we found ourselves in a small *patio* about twelve feet square, exquisitely paved with encaustic tiles in arabesque patterns, and with a fountain playing in the centre.

Round this court were apartments, and in one of them a female was visible lying in bed. Probably, it was the chief wife, who was supposed to be "in the country," for Mahommed had whispered us, that in all likelihood that was merely an excuse for not seeing visitors, when she was

not suitably dressed; and he had added that this was to be regretted, as she and her sister—who was another wife, were remarkably beautiful women.

However, they would not show themselves unadorned, but doubtless inspected us very narrowly from the dark recess where they lay.

We had barely time to note the surroundings, ere we were ascending a short, narrow flight of steps of red brick, uncarpeted, with whitewashed walls on either side, that led to the first gallery, and here, at the entrance of one of the rooms, two "ladies" were standing to receive us.

They welcomed us by signs, and as we had no interpreter, smiles, nods, and hard staring were the only means of communication between us. This lasted several minutes, during which each took her observations of the others.

Neither of the women had any pretension to good looks, and one of them was decidedly plain—thin and angular, very sallow, with bad teeth, and a care-worn expression of countenance. The other was not lacking in flesh, but it was of a flabby kind, and her face was colourless: the nose

was large and unshapely, the eyes small—indeed she had not one good feature. She appeared, however, gentle and amiable, and her manner was pleasing. She was dressed in a robe of fine white muslin over pink, and had on her head a sort of veil of muslin. From the tumbled condition of her attire, the probability is, that it had been slept in.

The tips of her fingers, and the toes of her unslippered, stockingless feet, were stained with henna, and a most unpleasant effect this had, giving the idea that she had been dabbling in treacle.

Behind the ladies stood a slave, carrying a child, whose terror at the sight of the strangers was not to be overcome by any amount of coaxing, and that screamed vigorously.

We were obliged to hurry away, as our time was so short; and did so with regret, as we should have liked to have seen more of these specimens of our sex whose social conditions are so different from our own. However, if not disposed to envy them their dull and dreary existence, it was satisfactory to have seen a Moorish interior,

and to be able to form some idea of its attractions.

Mahommed, when we rejoined him, again expressed himself very sorry that we had not had the treat of seeing the handsome wives. "But they like to put on all their ornaments when they are seen by English ladies," was his observation.

Very natural, poor things! Women with greater and better resources than they have, share with them this weakness; and besides, the more richly they attire themselves, the higher the compliment, in their opinion, to their visitor.

Half an hour afterwards, we were being carried in men's arms through the roaring surf out to the boat. I heard my name called with words of "adieu" from the beach, and turning, saw Mr. ———, to whom, in the haste of departure, we had been unable to say "good-bye," and who, weak and ailing, had followed, to wish it to us then.

As the tones reached me indistinctly, mingling with the stormy winds and dashing waves, the thought crossed my mind, that thus the parting spirit may hear the voices from the earthly shore;

but I did not think that his spirit was ere long to embark on the waters of eternity, and that that kindly voice was so soon to be silent here, for evermore!

The passage across was most unpleasant: it rained, it blew, and the seas ran high; and in landing from the steamer in a boat on arriving at Gibraltar, we got drenched with the waters from above and below.

How long will it be necessary for passengers to undergo this discomfort, of having to row, often a considerable distance, to and from the ships in harbour?

No other vehicle being obtainable, on stepping on shore I climbed into a Spanish *calessa*, a conveyance which must have been the original of the *cabriolet* of bygone days, and might have been used by Noah when he disembarked from the Ark.

It is very high, generally painted yellow, or red; springless or nearly so, with a hood dry and cracked for want of oil or varnish, and drawn by a raw-boned, long-faced Rosinante of a horse.

The driver sits inside if he has but one person as his "fare;" on the shaft, if he is driving two persons.

There are jaunting-cars for hire; but for any one wishing for "carriage exercise" and perhaps a touch of excitement caused by the eccentric performances of an animal that is rather perplexed than otherwise by the vigorous slashing he gets—let him try the Spanish *calessa*.

We are back in the regions of civilization.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIESTA.

"THERE is to be a *Fiesta de Toros* at Algeciras on the 5th of June. You should see it."

"On some accounts I should like to do so; for other reasons, I had rather not. I know that, as an amusement peculiar to the country, it has great interest for travellers; but I am afraid it is horribly cruel, and I do not wish to indulge my curiosity at the expense of being disgusted. How reconcile these conflicting feelings?"

This was the answer given to the friendly suggestion, and the awkward query was met by the following reply:

"Oh, the unpleasant part is much exaggerated, and Spanish ladies never *see* anything that is disagreeable; they look away at critical moments, or use their fans as a screen. It is easily managed,

and I assure you the 'spectacle' is worth seeing—really, a very fine sight; and it would be a great pity to miss an opportunity of the kind, which you may never have again."

"And can I leave the place when I like?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll go."

Thus it was arranged that I should see—to judge with my own eyes of its gory gaiety—that grand national sport, a bull-fight.

When the day came, it turned out a delightful one for a summer's day in that climate, for a few clouds hung about that tempered the sun's rays pleasantly.

We crossed the Bay in a small steamer freighted with holiday folks, all *en grande tenue*, and their faces full of pleasurable anticipation. About twenty minutes sufficed to take us over to Algeciras. The town looks well from the water; its white houses, green shutters, and orange-coloured roofs stand out brightly against a background of bold hills that exhibit every shade of brown, green, and purple in rich variety; heavy shadowing in the deep gorges and hollows, and lighter touches

on the broad shoulders and topmost ridges—touches constantly varying when the sun is rising or sinking, or when, as at this moment, passing clouds darken with sweeping wings the rocky summits or sunny slopes.

On landing, we found the usually quiet place all astir, the inhabitants roused for the occasion; crowds of country folk come in, in their picturesque costumes, the men wearing breeches and jackets of velveteen, trimmed with silver buttons, and some with sheepskin mantles and leather leggings; the women in petticoats of brilliant hue. The military element was in strong force, and, in addition to the native display, there was a large influx of Gibraltar people, some officers from the garrison, and a limited number of our own soldiers out on leave.

Every one, on arriving, made for the open space outside the town, where a fair was being held, with the view of loitering among its fascinations till it was time to repair to the bull-ring, which was situated close by; and we, after looking into one or two churches, and finding nothing in them to see but the usual amount of gilding, tawdry

decorations, indifferent pictures, and shrines with their curious collections of votive offerings, also repaired to the scene of the "Feria."

Two long rows of booths had been erected, and wooden buildings run up to form refreshment-rooms and a ball-room; the latter was of good size, but, the flooring being thickly sanded, the pleasures of the dance that night must have been attended with choking sensations.

The booths were constructed of a slight framework of canes, filled in with leaves or with branches of trees and coarse grass, &c., and reminded me of similar ones I once saw at a fête at Wiesbaden.

The wares offered for sale seemed of an inferior description, and bad bargains, judging from the prices asked; but the motley assemblage of people afforded us amusement, and the parties of Spanish girls walking about in the dress in which they had attired themselves for the dance in the evening, looked odd to English eyes. Robes of white muslin, befrilled and paniered, abounded; but those of richer materials—silks and satins, blue, pink, green, yellow—were also to be seen, and made with long trains that swept the ground and raised clouds of

dust, whilst in many instances boots of white satin or kid adorned the feet of the blooming maidens as they paced the dirty road gingerly. On this occasion white mantillas, of either plain tulle or handsomely figured blonde, replaced the ordinary black ones, sadly to the disfigurement of the wearers, to whose sallow complexions white by daylight is very trying. Their mirrors probably had told them this, and to remedy the evil the generality of them had powdered their faces so thickly and carried "illumination" to such a point as to give them a most disreputable appearance.

The tide was setting towards the *Plaza de Toros* now, and it was deemed necessary to be there early to secure good places. The doors opened at one o'clock, the performance was to commence at 4.30; so at 3, it was considered none too soon to follow the popular example.

At the entrance I parted from Mrs. ——, whose tauromachian experiences had sufficed her; with Miss ——, who had never had any, and wished for none; and with —— ——, who was known to have expressed strong feelings against this equivocal sort of amusement, and could not, therefore,

consistently patronise it; but he kindly stormed the "box-office" and procured a ticket for me and another for the Spanish servant who was to attend me, and then saw us safely in.

Our tickets were for the shady side of the building, costing a trifle more than the others, but well worth the difference in expense; so we entered by the door over which was the word "Sombra," and, ascending some stone stairs, reached a paved passage some eight or ten feet wide, corresponding with those in our theatres that run round the house. From this you pass by one of the numerous entrances that admit you to the interior, and find yourself in a vast amphitheatre, with a sanded arena, a high, strong barrier separating it from the spectators' places above, and with screens provided at intervals to afford protection to the *chulos* when hard pressed by a bull. The seats rose in tiers, the lower ones open to the sky, the upper ones provided with a roofing; and at one end of the ring, just over the doors through which the animals are let out, was, here, a kind of state box, intended for the use of the governor of the town and his friends.

It was amusing to watch the people trooping in to their seats, and, on our side of the building, it was done without any confusion. On the opposite side a few scenes occurred, ending, in one instance, in the police marching some of the disturbers of the peace off to prison; and in grave Spain, as in merry England, "chaff" seemed bandied to and fro in a very spirited manner by the shabby-looking individuals who occupied the lower places, and who appeared to be of the class corresponding with the "roughs" of our own race-courses.

Sellers of cakes, fruit, and programmes, and water-carriers with their classical-shaped jars, carried on a brisk trade as they climbed about amongst the crowd. The latter represented every grade in the social scale, and every age, from the shrivelled grandame to the chubby babe. Whole families arrived together, often accompanied by their servants, for these latter would probably have declined remaining away had such a thing been suggested to them: but it would not,—attendance at a Fiesta being considered a matter of course by high and low.

As the benches filled, which they did at last to

overflowing, the scene became very animated and gay. A company of soldiers, in blue and scarlet uniforms, made a large blot of colour at one spot; and all the silk and satin robes—pink, green, and yellow—that had swept the streets so tidily, now shimmered brightly here and there amongst the masses of soft white produced by the diaphanous dresses of the maidens of simpler taste or lighter purse. The flutter of fans produced an effect almost indescribable; but it may be partly imagined when the facts are stated that twelve thousand persons were present, that with scarcely an exception (amongst the Spaniards) each one had a fan, and that each one made use of the article. Some of these fans were about a yard long, affording shade as well as a powerful breeze to the wielder.

As the hour drew near for the commencement of the performance, excitement increased, and it was a relief from a state of tension when at last a trumpet sounded and a procession entered, consisting of the *picadores* on horseback, the *chulos* on foot, and the mules, with their smart trappings, that were to carry off the slain. It was wonderfully suggestive of Astley's!

Having made obeisance to the Governor, gone through the form of asking his permission for the affair to commence, and received it from him, with the key of the bull's cell, the performers filed off, the mules were taken away out of sight till wanted, the *chulos* or *matadores* placed themselves conveniently for action, and the three *picadores* took up their respective positions. The poor horses they rode were miserable-looking animals, though I noticed that one of them strove to "make the best of himself," and to curvet and prance as he did before his limbs had become stiff with age or hard work. They were all blindfolded, which added to the *helplessness* of their appearance.

Now was the exciting moment. All eyes were fixed on the door of the bull's cell, by which stood a man to open it at a given signal.

Just as at our races, when the course is cleared and the "inevitable dog" has to be chased off, so here the "small boy" of Spain creates a sensation, and with a similar result. One of the *gamin* tribe chose this instant for letting himself down over the barrier, running across the arena, and trying to clamber up to a place on the other side. This

feat fired others with similar ambition; several got down for the same purpose, and a comical scene ensued as the policemen rushed about after the nimble youngsters, who squealed with mischievous delight at the trouble they were giving.

At last, once more all was clear, and attention again directed to the centre door under the gallery where sits the Governor.

It opens. I had expected to see the bull come out with a rush and a roar. This one—a large, dun-coloured creature—did not; he was slow in leaving his dark quarters, but, having done so, he turned quick as lightning upon the man who had opened the door, and who was endeavouring to hide himself behind it.

A *matador* stepped forward with his red flag, and the attention of the bull was immediately diverted. He ran at the offensive object, and the art of the *matador* was exhibited in springing aside, which he did with wonderful agility and grace. This was repeated many times, but the animal did not appear very ferocious. He seemed rather stupefied by the sudden glare of light and the "novelty of the situation" in finding himself

surrounded by such a concourse of human beings. By-and-by, however, he encountered a picador, and received a prick from his lance, which doubtless was irritating, as after that, a great deal more spirit was manifest in his attacks. Still his behaviour did not satisfy the spectators, and I heard him called, contemptuously and impatiently, "a bad bull," by people in my neighbourhood.

The *bandilleros* now advanced, and, coming close up to him, contrived to stick, one after the other, six arrows, ornamented with little flags, into him on each side of his neck—a dangerous and difficult thing to do, as may be supposed. Driven almost frantic by this fresh torture, the hapless brute plunged and tossed violently, vainly striving to rid himself of the arrows, and by his efforts only causing their effect to be more painful. He rushed at one of the picadores, and in a moment he and his horse were in the air. The man, though dismounted by the toss, was unhurt; but the horse —it is too horrible to describe. The other picadores were also attacked, the horse of one wounded, and the matador known as El Gordito had a narrow escape, as the bull made a lunge at him.

For a moment it was thought that it was he himself, and not his gay jacket covered with spangles, that had received the sharp thrust, and intense excitement reigned amongst the thousands who were watching the scene breathlessly; but, stepping forward, El Gordito bowed to the sympathetic multitude, and pointing to his ripped-up jacket thus told them that he was *unhurt*. Hats and caps were then thrown at him by way of compliment.

By this time, I was sickened by the proceedings; but being closely wedged in where I sat, it would have been difficult if not impossible to make my way out; besides, having come with the determination of forming a fair judgment, it would have been childish to shrink back after going half-way. So I tried to sit still, and to be calm and dispassionate while looking on at this extraordinary exhibition designed for giving pleasure.

Blood was flowing freely from the infuriated bull, that showed no lack of spirit now, and from the wounded horses. One of the latter presented a piteous sight as it lay dying, but raised itself now and then to look around with a ghastly—and to me it seemed almost a human look.

Why could not animals in this state, have the *coup de grâce* given them? But no, the noble beast that the Englishman has called his friend, is wholly unappreciated by the Spaniard, and to all animal suffering the latter is equally indifferent. But the end had to come. With the horses *hors de combat*, the career of the bull was ended. As it chanced, it was standing exactly below the spot where I was seated, when the *espada* whose office it is to kill it, approached it for that purpose, sword in hand.

It was supposed that the death-blow was very scientifically given, as the creature fell instantly as if shot.

And now, the mules, gaily caparisoned, were brought in, having ropes with hooks attached to them; and by some arrangement the dead, or supposed to be dead, bull, was hooked on and dragged off rapidly, while a band struck up a lively tune.

But the unfortunate bull was *not quite* dead. The horses were next dragged off, also presumed to be dead.

Then occurred one of the most painful sights of

the whole, as the poor animal whose "gameness" I had noticed throughout, struggled to its feet, and tried to drag itself along—faithful to the last, to what in its equine intelligence was the call of duty. The brutal muleteer, possibly annoyed at the "spectacle" being thus spoilt, flogged it vigorously.

In the stir which ensued amongst the assembled throng, as they discussed the points of the last fight, and looked forward to the next—for six or seven more bulls were to follow—I made my exit, the purpose of the visit being achieved; and faint with suppressed feeling, was glad to get away, where I might look and say what I thought. This, whilst surrounded by an excited crowd, I should scarcely have been safe in doing.

Meeting —— —— just afterwards, and remarking on the barbarity which was shown in the sacrifice of horses in bull-fights, he said it was the end that most of the horses on the Rock came to; and he added, "I shall shoot mine, as the most humane thing to do with him, when our regiment is ordered off."

And he did so,—all honour to him!

"Well," it will be asked, "and what did you gain by doing violence to your feelings in witnessing such unpleasant sights as you have described?"

I have acquired the conviction, that it is not so much the *actual cruelty* as the *gross exhibition* of it that shocks outsiders; and a compassionate feeling has taken the place of the one of reprobation with which I regarded the people whose distinctive peculiarity it is to love these horrible displays.

Of the depraved taste which can find delight in the spectacles that are seen in the bull-ring, enough has been said by writers on the subject; and it is generally admitted that it evidences a fierceness and brutality of disposition in those who enter with such zest into the amusement; also, that the scenes thus familiarized to the mind from an early age have a tendency to produce sentiments the reverse of humane in the young. All this is true; but whilst condemning as warmly as we may a barbarous and demoralizing pastime, allowances must be made for the circumstances

under which it is capable of affording such intense gratification.

The Spanish peasant is ignorant—steeped in ignorance and superstition; retaining much of the dark ages about him as regards his non-education, and the submission with which he yields himself to priestly guidance: what *has* been must be still; as his fathers did before him, so he is content to do; and if the Fiesta de Toros was an institution of past times, it must remain one of the present day. His natural indolence, indulged to excess, makes it needful that anything to arouse or interest him must have pungent qualities. He does not drink, though he smokes; he is not a glutton—he lives sparingly; he does not fight from pugnacious propensities; he is content to let the world go round as it will, and to trouble himself very little about mundane affairs generally. But now and then he wants a stimulant, and a bull-fight meets the requirements of a nature which has something of the sanguinary in its composition, albeit the elements may be dormant.

The remarks which apply to the lower orders

apply also in a modified form to the middle and upper classes. The tradesman is glad of an occasional "fillip" of an exciting kind; the aristocrat condescends to share the feeling, and to patronize the popular amusement.

Perhaps if you argued with the latter on the cruelty of the exhibition, and protested against it on that ground, he would turn upon you and ask, how Englishmen can tolerate steeple-chasing, with its fearful risk to both horse and rider,—hare-hunting, or the cold-blooded chase after a stag turned out of a cart. Pigeon-shooting he would cast in our teeth; and the triumphs of the *battue*, where, while the necessity for being a good shot is dispensed with, a taste for butchery may be glutted, without the fatigue attaching to more sportsmanlike achievements.

He would say that it is the nerve and skill displayed by the men acting as *matadores* and *picadores* that are the attractive points at a bull-fight, that the risk to human life is but slight, and that the suffering of the animals is but of short duration—shorter by far than that of a wounded bird lost in the covert. And if we say, "Ah, but

the horse is such a noble animal—the bull such a magnificent brute," he might retort, that a pigeon is such a sweet thing; the hare such a timid, trembling little creature; and he would quote the lines of our poet, and tell us,

> "The poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporeal suffering feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

Perhaps we are too apt to measure cruelty by the size of the victim, and to shudder at it only when its attendant circumstances are coarse and revolting.

Moreover, agonies that we do not see endured, imagination is loth to picture; and many a kindly dame gives her orders for stewed eels or lobster salad without troubling herself about the tortures which her cook will inflict before either dish is placed upon the table.

With regard to the presence of Spanish women in large numbers at the bull-fights—a fact for which they have received universal condemnation—it must be remembered that there are accessories to these fêtes, of a kind which possess attraction for women of the most feminine character. Here

friends are met and acquaintances made; it is a rare occasion for the display of finery, for seeing and being seen, for exciting admiration and enjoying flirtation; and nine out of ten women find pleasure in attending, for these reasons alone.

Besides, the unfortunate force of habit must be taken into consideration; and that is why, perhaps the worst feature in the whole affair, the custom exists of taking children to these shows, and thus familiarizing them with scenes fit only for an *abattoir*, notwithstanding the lurid grandeur with which they are invested.

Let not the English lady, however, raise her eyes and hands in horror at her Spanish sisters, whose gentle manners and domestic virtues quite rival her own; rather let her pray for the day, when the spread of education and the refining influence of a heartfelt Christianity will make the *Fiesta de Toros* a thing of the past, ranking with those gladiatorial shows of which it is after all but the mild reflection—their successor in an improved form, though still a form that savours of barbarism.

Only *true* civilization, that will give the people a taste for higher and purer pleasures than witnessing the slaughter of bulls and ripping-up of horses will efface this dark blot from the fair land of Spain.

CHAPTER VIII.

CADIZ.

Having missed the opportunity of accompanying friends on their visiting Seville and Granada, and not hearing of any others to join at the time it best suited her to make the tour, the writer mustered courage, and determined on proceeding into Andalusia alone.

Armed with a sort of passport from our Governor—a paper certifying that I was a British subject, and that I had permission to travel in Spain—a document which, as it happened, was not required, but which might under some circumstances have been useful,—I started on the expedition. The first start was a false one—the old story, the steamer not sailing as advertised; and after rising at three o'clock A.M., to the disturbance of the household, and jolting down in a car

to the harbour, it was irritating to the temper, and damping to one's travelling ardour, to have to return ignominiously home, and with the chance of a similar disappointment recurring one knew not how often.

An instance was told me of a family with a considerable amount of furniture and luggage, having to repair to the quay more than a dozen times, with bag and baggage carted there and back on each occasion, ere they were fortunate enough to find a boat that kept its engagement. They were bound for Tangier.

Luckily for me, my second venture was successful. My friend Mrs. —— kindly saw me on board the 'Adriano,' and spoke to the captain about his "unprotected female" passenger.

This led to the engineer, who was an Englishman, being deputed to ascend from grimy depths now and then to see how I was getting on. He informed me that he was English; but apparently he had been so many years in his present employment that he spoke his own language in broken accents, and seemed more at home with the Spanish.

The silvery morning and the glassy bay, were succeeded by a golden noon, and some rollers outside the Straits. Cadiz was reached in eight hours.

The city glistens like a line of dazzling whiteness, between the deep blue of heaven above, and the blue waves of ocean below. This is the distant effect. Approaching nearer, you observe the enormous sea-walls or fortifications, partly rock, partly stone building,—the long row of palatial edifices, the residences of wealthy inhabitants—and you may note that many of these houses have a tower or campanile at one corner of the roof; the design of this was, originally, that merchants might descry their vessels coming into harbour, at the earliest moment.

These towers give a somewhat fantastic effect to the substantial erections, but are picturesque, breaking the roof-line.

The Cathedral looks imposing, though glaringly white. *Everything* is glaringly white, save the green stripe which marks the Alameda; and so one blinks a little as one gazes on the fair city at two o'clock in the afternoon of an August day.

Simultaneously with the paddles of the steamer ceasing to revolve, a rush is made, and she is boarded by the boatmen, who have brought their boats alongside. The usual vociferations, frantic snatches at hand-bags, and claims of rivals to your possession, follow.

I went on shore in a boat that promised least confusion; viz., one that had for her freight a few country people, and a company of soldiers.

Whilst waiting to push off, detained by the crowd of other craft, I was able to realize what heat under a vertical sun is. The sensation was that of being frizzled, toasted brown; and the red trousers of the soldiers gave a finishing touch to the glowing warmth of the picture. When the fares were collected, some small change should have been given to me, but this the man who was collecting ignored, as the passenger was "none the wiser." The transaction, however, was noticed by the quick eye of the officer in charge of the soldiers, and from his angry glances and stern manner as he turned upon the boatman and alluded to the Señora, he was evidently rating him soundly for his extortion.

The latter tried to make good his own case,—or at least he did not better mine. It was but a "two-penny-halfpenny" matter; still, the interference in my behalf was kindly, not to speak of its justness. Thanks, Señor Capitan! Unencumbered with more luggage than I could carry myself, the custom-house presented no impediments in my path on landing; and when the commissionaire (rejoicing in the name of Somerset) from the "Hotel de Paris" announced himself, I was soon rattling off in one of the carriages belonging to that establishment. The driver was a dark-skinned dandy, attired coolly and comfortably in a white shirt spotted with pink, wide white trousers, and a straw hat with an immensely broad brim. No coat or waistcoat oppressed him.

How pleasant it was to pass from the blinding glare outside into the blue gloom of the house! How refreshing to step on the cool tiles and up the marble stairs, after the pitiless flags of the street!

Nice, too, to hear the plash of water, and see the green ferns in the *patio*—for here, as throughout Southern Spain, the Moorish arrangement of

dwelling-houses prevails. There is a courtyard in the centre, and galleries run round the house on every floor. These are furnished with glass windows, which can be closed in chilly weather, and thus form corridors. All the apartments open on these shady galleries, and as the outer windows of the house are provided with wooden Venetian shutters, which exclude the sun's rays effectually, the heat is scarcely felt; and even the mosquitoes cease to be troublesome, in the moderate temperature that is secured.

The flies are pests at table; and the plan adopted for baffling them in their predatory attacks on the dessert and sweets, does not add to the attractive appearance of the latter. Wire dish-covers—such as are in use in English larders—guard the fruit, *bonbons*, and pastry, until the moment arrives for handing them round. The effect is very ugly; but, probably, gauze would in the long run be more expensive; so it may be a question of economy.

As *vin ordinaire*, a decanter of Manzanilla or some other white wine, is placed beside each guest.

Here, for the first time, I saw cigars lighted at

dinner. It was, apparently, too long to wait through the usual courses without this solace to existence; and long ere the meal was over, one after another of the Spaniards present struck his fusee, coaxed his weed into play, and puffed clouds over the viands, producing an unpleasing mixture of odours—especially as garlic entered largely into the composition of most of the dishes.

There were no English staying at the hotel—though one of the waiters informed me in French that some of my nationality were under the roof. This he did with most considerate good feeling for the lady travelling alone. But he had made the natural mistake with foreigners, of supposing all who speak English to have come from England.

Americans these were,—the gentleman holding an official position in the place, and occasionally attending with his wife the table d'hôte at the hotel.

When we met, there was no cause to regret their not being my compatriots, for their unaffected kindness and fraternization were most pleasing. "Are we not all of the same race?" remarked the

lady; "and should not Americans and English be drawn together naturally as kindred people?"

Acting in this genial spirit, she expressed the wish to be of assistance to me in sight-seeing; and kindly took me to see the Alameda, the Plaza de San Antonio, and other places of interest, and we attended the English service together on Sunday evening. It was held in a small room, in a house that appeared to be occupied as a private residence. The form was Presbyterian, and the minister threw heart and soul into both praying and preaching, till the "upper chamber" seemed that night almost the "gate of heaven."

But his fervour was not the result of excitement consequent upon having a concourse of people hanging upon his words, for the congregation could scarcely have numbered twenty; and on this fact and its disheartening effect, he commented sadly in a few words spoken to Mrs. —— after the meeting was over.

There seems to be great difficulty in keeping up any English Protestant service. The Episcopalian had been given up altogether; and this one was

so badly supported that it appeared threatened with the same fate.

It is strange that it should be so, in a town like Cadiz, whither so many persons professing to be of the reformed Church are drawn on business; but continued residence in a Roman Catholic country is apt to make many—who under other circumstances would feel very differently—give up, little by little, the strict observance of the Sabbath; and the day's ordinances losing their value, are no longer provided for willingly..

Their neighbours amuse themselves on the Sunday, generally finishing the day at the opera or the ball; the example is attractive, and it is followed. But, unfortunately, it is only the "pleasure" part of the day's programme that is so taking with strangers, the previous worship is not considered, nor the fasts and vigils preceding that.

It is scarcely a wonder if Romanists, judging from what they see in many localities, deem us to be Godless, and think Protestantism only another word for infidel licence.

The town of Cadiz is wonderfully clean, and it is cheerful looking in spite of the streets being

many of them so narrow that only one carriage can pass through them at a time. Whitewash does wonders in Spain; it does for the houses what too frequently powder does for the faces of her doñas—hides all imperfections natural or acquired; and every summer the whitewashing process is rigorously gone through outside and inside dwellings.

As it is usually performed at the same season by every one, there is no patchiness visible, but one wash seems to have passed over the entire town or village, and the effect is brilliant.

The first heavy rains, though, change the aspect of these whitened walls very disadvantageously.

The sights of Cadiz are soon seen, and thanks to the kindly American lady and her husband, the usual guide was exchanged for a French gentleman whom they introduced to me to form an escort on the expedition.

"The temple of Gades, forbidden to women and pigs," came to memory as we wended our way towards the modern cathedral. It is a huge, new-looking edifice; the interior is in the florid Corinthian style, and is so highly decorated that for a

moment you scarcely know on which details to fix your attention. The fact that it cost £300,000 inclines you, when you know it, to think that there must be something to admire amongst so much that is costly; but when the eye has taken it all in, the mind is disappointed. Here, as in nearly all the churches in Southern Spain, the lavishness of decoration amounts to superabundance, and is offensive to good taste.

Marbles of the rarest, gilding, statuary, pictures —there they are, an *embarras de richesse*; enough to ornament several churches all thrust into one. The effect is oppressive, and you regret the waste of good material which might have been turned to so much better account.

This bad style has been denominated the "churrigueresque."

Amongst the pictures is a copy of one of Murillo's, which is considered good, and a St. Luke by Ribera; but the latter is in such a bad light one cannot judge of its merits.

Braving the fierce sunbeams once more was very trying, as, passing out of the dim twilight of the cathedral, we proceeded to Los Capuchinos to

see the last work of Murillo. We were led through some apartments of the building and a row of cloisters to the chapel, in which this painting forms the altar-piece. The subject is the "Marriage of St. Catherine." In drawing it is pre-eminently graceful, but the colouring is somewhat tame. Probably, had the painter lived to finish his work, this would not have been the case; but ere it was completed he fell from the scaffolding, and died shortly afterwards of the injuries he had received.

There is, however, a "San Francisco" of the great master that is worth a pilgrimage to see; and we were fortunate in obtaining a better view of the picture than can always be had, for it was being copied, and for this purpose had been removed from its usual position and placed upon an easel in a good light.

"San Francisco receiving the Stigmata" is the name by which this beautiful work is known.

The kneeling saint, with hands outstretched, looks upwards with earnest eyes—eyes wherein an expression of glowing fervour is blended with that of humble submission. It is a face to haunt one with its hallowed look—the touching resignation,

the intensity of love it wears. The tone of the picture is in perfect keeping with its subject. The warm, rich brown of the drapery stands out against a background of sweet, clear colouring, in which green and blue are magically harmonized.

Long we stood gazing on it, till the figure seemed instinct with life. Then I turned away reluctantly, and leaving the quiet church, went back into the town to purchase photographs with the aid of my amiable escort; and, after a visit of "adieu" to Mrs. ——, left for Seville.

On leaving Cadiz for Seville by train, you pass along the narrow slip of land that is the form the Isla de Leon takes for some distance, and have the blue waters dancing and sparkling on either side. Then you come upon the salt-marshes, which have a singular appearance. Small dykes are cut in every direction over the flat, sombre-hued, treeless country, and here and there huge mounds or hillocks of salt have been piled up, looking like snow. Carts may be seen laden with it, and mules and asses bearing the same burden, or waiting whilst a portion is dug out or sliced off for customers.

This is the scenery till San Fernando is reached, a picturesque-looking town; then you cross the river which divides the island from the mainland, and notice the arches of the old Roman aqueduct running parallel with the railroad.

And now, with Cadiz, San Fernando, Puerto Real, and a few villages all in view, you receive the impression of being in a most busy, populous district. It certainly is a very bright, airy, sunny corner of the world; full of life, and teeming with interest in the history of the past, both of ancient and of modern times.

Port St. Mary's is next reached, but nothing is seen of the town save the walls and some house-tops. One may fancy the air, however, to be redolent of sherry, as one passes on and sees for many miles on either hand, far as the eye can reach, vineyards upon vineyards stretching away over hill and dale. Each particular proprietary has a small white cottage on it—suggestive of the "lodge in a garden of cucumbers;" and the vines are not trellised as in Italy, but grown as they are in Burgundy or on the Rhine-banks—on low sticks. They do not consequently look more picturesque

than vines do in the North ; that is to say, it is only sentiment that elevates them above cabbage-gardens. The wine-producing country extends some distance beyond Xerez. This town must be worth visiting, and its cellars are considered a sight—not to speak of the *tastings* which might lure a connoisseur to gratify his curiosity by going to see those vast stores.

At Xerez station a Spanish lady and her daughter entered the carriage in which I was. The faded beauty of the mother attracted me—rather sadly perhaps, as I could not help speculating as to her age, and thinking how evanescent is the loveliness of these daughters of the South. In England she would have been pronounced fifty ; here, under forty—indeed she was probably not five-and-thirty. With that politeness which is natural to a Spanish woman, she immediately made some graceful overtures to acquaintance ; and seeing that I had vainly tried to attract the attention of the water-seller at the station, her anxiety on arriving at the next stopping-place, and vexation on finding that no jars of water were brought for sale, far exceeded my own. Ere she quitted the train, which happened very soon, she gave me

a lesson in what I was to say; for her efforts at conversation had been met on my part by a smile and shake of the head, from the fact that albeit I could understand her Spanish, I could not speak one word of that language in reply, and she seemed not to know any other. "I am so sorry I have been such bad company," was her observation at parting; and then both ladies offered their hands for a friendly shake.

Well—"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," and my thirst was the "touch" in this instance that woke their womanly sympathy. It was pleasant. Apropos of thirst and its gratification, it was quite amusing to notice how universal was the demand for water along the line. Not beer—not sherry—not effervescing beverages, as in England during great heat. "Agua" (water) was the cry, alike from the crowd of cigar-smoking men as from the women and children; and the want was supplied by men who walked up and down the platform, each with a huge earthen jar slung at his back, and an iron contrivance like a cruet-stand, in which was a glass tumbler, fastened on in front.

"Agua! agua!" they cried:—an idea for the thirsty English multitudes.

The sun was sinking as we passed out of the sherry-land and traversed a wild, desolate country, the marked features of which were, tawny banks, with strips of olive plantations, umber plains speckled with herds of wild-looking cattle — the famed bulls bred for the bull-ring—here and there pools mirroring the roseate sky—dashes of richest purple in the distance.

This was the scene on which the orb of day went down in splendour; but the "after-glow" was superb, when gleams of crimson and gold in the heavens were *reflected* in places upon the dark velvety sweep of earth that spread itself in one broad mass to the verge of the horizon.

In a few minutes after this it was night; and for the remainder of the journey nothing could be seen, save the lights that indicated the towns we passed — amongst them the important one of Utrera.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the train stopped at Seville. The commissionaire from the

"Fonda de Paris" was waiting at the station, so I had no trouble. (It is convenient to stop at the three corresponding hotels—the "Fonda de Paris," Cadiz, ditto at Seville, and "Fonda Suiza," Cordova; as, belonging to the same proprietors, their guests are recommended on to each establishment, and notice is given by telegraph, at times when the houses are crowded, that accommodation may be secured.)

It was a novel and striking sight to drive through the streets of Seville at that hour, for some scores of "interiors" were revealed, each of which had a certain picturesqueness.

On account of the heat the front door would be left open, and the *cancel*, or gate of iron-work closed. This enabled one to see inside the house, and produced the effect, as one passed through the dimly-lighted streets, of a succession of bright pictures.

In some instances the courtyard or *patio* disclosed to view was the conventional one of a tiled court, with a fountain playing in the centre, surrounded by ferns or flowering shrubs; in others, marble pillars and light drapery, with

scarlet cushions on luxurious couches showed the taste of the owner; whilst in many, Moorish arches and beautiful arabesques, with rich-coloured hangings, might be seen, either brilliantly lighted by candles, or more softly illuminated by a pendent lamp. Nor were these apartments untenanted. Family groups, and single figures, and couples *en tête-à-tête* were there. Paterfamilias in easy costume, languidly puffing his cigar; his *esposa* enjoying the *dolce far niente* of the hour, while still flirting her fan; persons engaged card-playing, &c. &c. Varied are the tableaux that present themselves.

The waiters were yawning, and the household preparing for bed, as the hotel was reached. By advice, to the effect that by reason of the high temperature just then — 96° in the shade — a groundfloor bedroom would be the coolest, I chose such an apartment; but had to rue it, for every vehicle that passed rolled like thunder along the roughly pitched street, and seemed to be driving into the room; while at early morn the screeching crowds of Seville *gamins* and cart-drivers made the air ring with hideous discord. Sleep was not to

visit the occupant of that chamber; and I afterwards removed to one on the first floor, which, with the advantage of being quieter, was really quite as cool: but probably the heat in the uppermost stories would be painfully felt in the dog-days.

CHAPTER IX.

SEVILLE.

The guide was awaiting me to know when he was to be in attendance, as I crossed the *patio* on the way to breakfast, and doubtless accustomed to early hours in travellers, was surprised at finding one who appeared on the scene so late. "Service was over at the Cathedral." Presumably every one made a rush for that service; present client did not; entertaining the idea that physical freshness is a vast aid to mental enjoyment, and that the lack of the former ought to be taken into consideration when possible. Many an evil report of a fair land may be traced to a jaundiced eye; and a weary brain cannot take a deep and true impress of things of beauty. To rest is better therefore than to rush, sometimes.

The exterior of the Cathedral is disappointing to those who are not familiar with it from pictures. The walls look bare and smooth; though the flame-shaped battlements strike you as a peculiarity; but you miss the rich ornamentation which distinguishes the finest specimens of church architecture in the north of Europe.

You ask what that row of truncated pillars along the steps on the north side can be for. The answer is, that they originally formed part of a mosque, and before that belonged to a Roman temple; for Salambo (Astarte), Mahomet, and the Virgin Mary have successively been worshipped on this site.

You enter through a fine doorway, and then, in all its grandeur, you see this magnificent temple.

It is not the lofty but narrow avenue, which, beautiful as it may be, yet oppresses the beholder with a sense of being closed in and suffocated—as in churches like Westminster Abbey, Amiens, and some others where the Gothic idea is carried out fully. Here there is height, indeed—145 feet, while the transept dome rises to 171 feet; but

there is immense width as well. Five out of the seven aisles are open; the other two form side chapels. Thus the view is extensive; you feel there is breathing room; and the effect produced on the writer was not perhaps the one that the unknown architect of this glorious fane intended it should produce. "Room for all" was the impression it conveyed. No cramped views—no bigoted notions—but, with widely extended arms, the church seems to say to the soul, "Enter here, and in these numerous avenues, all possessing the same precious centre, all sheltered by the same protecting roof, all pointing heavenwards as to the same future home, worship as one human family; differing, as human families do, in individual taste and character, but one in aim and interest in things eternal."

A fanciful thought—one far from the present truth; but who knows how nearly it may be realized in the Future?

Vastness and breadth you find in this structure, viewing it from the nave. As you enter the *coro,* or choir, the extreme richness and finish of decoration are the attractive features. Perhaps David

Roberts's well-known picture of Seville Cathedral is rather misleading as regards the appearance of the high altar, for the darkness of the superb *retablo* was to me a surprise. So dark is the wood, and the gilding so dimmed by the fumes of incense, that it is only in the afternoon, when the sun streams in through the windows of the southern transept, that the exquisite carvings can be seen at all.

Then, the marvellous beauty of this work of art can be appreciated. At other times it is lost in the gloom that prevails—a gloom made only the more perplexing by the glimmer of tapers twinkling in the profound shadow.

Thus it looked on my first morning visit—grand and mysterious. On subsequent occasions, later in the day, seen under a play of prismatic light, the sombre effect was replaced by one of mellowed splendour.

The morning services must necessarily lack light, and Mass, which I saw celebrated the following day, though an imposing ceremonial, was not so effective pictorially as the "Office" in the afternoon. The service itself was rather disap-

pointing; for the priests intoned in that odd, sharp, incisive style that I had heard before in Spain, and their performance reminded me too much of a "buffo" song in an opera.

But the *tableau* was effective as regarded colour. One ecclesiastic wore a handsome vestment of cloth of gold; that of another was violet-hued; some of the chorister boys wore scarlet, and the summer sun-rays came pouring in laden with rainbow tints, and glinted upon bright spots and burnished lines, revealing all their grace and beauty.

Then censers were swung, and the pale vapour rose to float upward on the golden beams; the notes of the organ swelled and sank with grand reverberations; the richly-robed priests and acolytes moved past in stately procession.

The spectacle was a fine one. Apart, however, from the magnificence of the choir and the grandeur of the nave, there is a wilderness of loveliness, in which one might wander for many a day still unsatisfied, amongst the numerous chapels which surround the building. There are stained windows, tombs, paintings, carvings, and gems of art of every description, in lavish profusion; and the Chapter-

house, so elegant in form, so beautiful in its ornamentation, will be a treat to any one of taste.

In the Capilla de San Augustin there is a coloured carving of the Virgin by Montañes that is usually much admired.

It seems presumptuous to differ from general opinion or to give only a qualified assent to an accepted verdict; but, sweet and charming as the face undoubtedly is, it struck me as wanting an important characteristic of the countenance which it is intended to depict, and that it might be called *too* sweet. The face bears a pleased, contented look, such as any modest, happy maiden might have; but the depth and intensity of feeling which we may rightly attribute to the most honoured of women—the mother of the world's Saviour—is not there.

It is true it is the youthful, the girl-mother, yet, even in those early days, would there be no foreshadowing of future sorrows? no earthly trembling mingled with the heavenly joy?

Amongst the paintings that would please many by whom its artistic merit might pass unnoticed, is the "Angel de la Guarda," by Murillo.

A young child, fresh and innocent-looking, is stepping forward, as if to face life and its unknown difficulties; while behind, bending slightly over him in a protecting attitude and tenderly holding his little hand, is his guardian angel. The latter is freely and gracefully drawn, so is the child; while the colouring leaves nothing to be desired.

This picture is, perhaps, one of the most satisfying, both in sentiment and execution, of any of the works of that poetic-souled, truth-loving master.

Besides these gems, there are other fine paintings to be studied, notably those in the *Sacristia de los Calices*, "St. Peter," by Herrera el Viejo, and "Our Saviour," by Roelas. And in the Sacristia Mayor (a gorgeous place) is a wonderful "Descent from the Cross," by Pedro Campana —full of force and originality; also some Zurbarans.

But how *describe* pictures? It is impossible, and the attempt useless, save that some kindred spirit, following in the writer's footsteps, may notice, and consequently enjoy, works thus mentioned, which might otherwise be passed in haste or not seen at all. It is like an Exhibition catalogue, marked

by a friend familiar with one's taste; it may save time and trouble.

Close to the cathedral is the *Sagrario*, the parish church, and it is worth visiting for the sake of the coloured carvings and statues by Roldan and Cornejo. These marvellous groups of painted sculpture are startlingly like life—and death. This style, of which one sees so much here, is considered mongrel—neither painting proper, nor pure sculpture, and it does not, therefore, claim the admiration due to legitimate art; still it is wonderfully effective.

And now we proceed to mount the tower, the famed Giralda, so called from "que gira" (which turns round), in allusion to its vane. It is detached from the cathedral, though it has the effect, seen in the distance, of forming part of that fine pile.

We found the ground-floor occupied by some families, who seemed in happy possession of numerous babies, all rolling about the floor in a state of unfettered nature; and having obtained a certain key from the custodian, we ascended to the belfry. The ascent is peculiar: not by steps, but by a

broad, steep, bricked road. Thirty-five sloping pieces—or, to speak properly, inclined planes—conduct you to the summit of this wonderful erection of the Moors, which is 50 feet square at the base and 350 feet high, and is one of the earliest examples of an observatory for astronomical purposes. With the ideas of comfort possessed by this refined people, it is scarcely strange, perhaps, that they should have so managed it that a walk to an elevation of 350 feet can be achieved without much fatigue—certainly none of the painful, treadmill weariness involved in climbing up steps; whilst at every angle that is reached stone seats invite the visitor to rest awhile and look from the windows on the enchanting views.

The prospect from the belfry is glorious, justifying the old proverb:—

"Quien no vió á Sevilla
No vió maravilla."

Looking northwards, there are hills in the distance, pale pink and tender mauve ridges. Nearer, are tracts of brown and yellow land, scorched and hot-looking, almost burnt sienna in hue. Towns and villages dot the broad expanse, and the winding

Guadalquivir forms a welcome object of contemplation where every other feature in the scene speaks of extreme heat. Nearer still, and the city lies in dazzling whiteness at our feet. Churches upon churches, some grand enough for cathedrals, raise their domes and towers thickly above the masses of houses. Hospitals, too, barracks, and other public buildings, attract the eye. Looking eastward, there is a large erection, which the guide informs us is a cannon-foundry. To the south, another extensive range, which is a tobacco manufactory; here at times employment is given to 5000 women and girls in cigar-making. That handsome red house further on, standing in its cool green gardens, is San Telmo, the residence of the Duc de Montpensier.

That circular place is—yes, there is no mistaking that—the Bull-ring, or, to give it a prettier sounding name, the Plaza de Toros. Then, looking down quite beneath us, giddily, one sees the Court of Oranges, and the Alcazar, with its beautiful patios and fair pleasaunces; the narrow streets, the broad spaces, and a great deal of private life going on on the flat house-tops.

And how a bit of scarlet "tells," even if it be but an old rag that produces the effect, against the blackness of the shadows! for the shadows are very black where there are any.

It is strange to look down on this scene of a smokeless city thus glittering in the sunshine, lying sleeping, as it were, and canopied by a sky in which there is no movement either of flitting cloud or gathering mist; it is so difficult to divest oneself of the idea that it is not a painted panorama.

But she is very beautiful, this queenly Seville, and the gleaming river girdles her, or seems to do so, making as it does just here, a wide sweep of its bright waters.

And not only does the scene beneath, so fair to contemplate, give pleasure in this elevated spot: the eyry itself has its charms. Up here, a delicious breeze comes floating through the tower, whispering round the great bells and breathing the freshness of the distant hilltops whence it has come. Pure and cool, each breath you draw is like a draught of aërial nectar after the heated atmosphere in realms below.

As you linger, troops of pigeons whose home you have invaded flit round and round, cooing in privileged freedom, their wings shining like burnished silver against the deep purple sky. It is, indeed, a pleasant retreat, this ancient tower.

But it is already high noon, and we can stay no longer; so, descending by the easy gradient, we fee the custodian, return the polite greetings of the mothers of all the babies, and smiling an interest in these latter (but *not* kissing any of them), pass out and cross over to the Alcazar, or old Moorish Palace, close by.

This is the place to wander in dreamily. Here you seem carried back many centuries, as you stroll through these fairy halls, enjoying the silence which is only broken by your own footfall and the plash of the water in the fountains, and gazing in ever-increasing admiration on the arabesques that adorn every portion of the walls. Where there is colouring, as in the Azulejo decorations, great taste is shown in blending the hues; where there is none, the effect of rich yet delicate lace is produced by the varied patterns,

mostly geometric. Lace manufacturers, I was informed, come to copy these exquisite specimens of Saracenic art to reproduce them in their lace. No wonder!

Then there is a peculiar ornament that has the effect of rough snow; an ingenious device for cheating one into coolness in a warm climate.

Along the marble arcades and through the various courts—"upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber"—the same finished and fairy-like style of decoration prevails in this bijou palace, save where the Spaniard, some two centuries ago, made his alterations and untasteful additions, which, seen here and there, mar the harmony of the whole.

A tragical story is told respecting one of the grand halls. In it Pedro the Cruel had his brother, who was then his guest, murdered, whilst he himself watched the perpetration of the infamous deed from a balcony that hangs high up on the lofty wall.

But a pleasanter interest attaches to a small apartment upstairs, wherein, it is said, Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus when he first sought

their assistance to enable him to carry out his idea of seeking for a new world beyond the seas. Doubtless his heart beat high with hope—a hope, as it proved, to be "long deferred"—whilst he urged his apparently visionary scheme on the attention of the sovereigns. It is a tiny room, but three great spirits met in it on that occasion.

Other historical associations cling to the Alcazar, but perhaps the deepest interest of all lies in picturing it in the hands of its original possessor, Prince Abdu-r-rahman Anna'seir Sidim-Allah, in days that to us seem dark, though they must in reality have been brilliantly light amid surrounding ignorance. The Spanish Arabs attained to a point in certain sciences and arts as well as in literature that it required high intellectual gifts to reach; and they provided so largely for the spread of knowledge and mental development that they must have felt their responsibilities in the matter of education in a degree that will bear comparison with people of any era.*

Nor was this civilization of theirs an ephemeral blaze, for it burnt steadily on for six centuries;

* See Note, p. 179.

and if architecture be any index to national taste, the graceful arches and slender pillars, the rich tracery, the airiness and elegance of design, and the exquisite harmony pervading the whole (when undisturbed by Spanish additions) speak of refinement and extreme culture.

But we moderns borrow—nay filch from the generations of the past, and adopt their ideas as our own, with a contemptuous indifference as to the origin of those ideas.

Some centuries hence perhaps the ancient English will occupy a similar place in the minds of the Polynesian "men of the day."

Close to the Alcazar lives a leading photographer, in a quaint little dwelling. He was out when I first called to see his views, and only an old woman was at home to open the door to customers. She was a small shrivelled thing, but looked picturesque and Van Eyck-ish, moving about in the shadowed room, a handkerchief tied over her head, and keys jingling at her girdle.

She knew very little about the articles for sale,

but permitted me to turn over numerous folios as I pleased; and the room being wonderfully cool, I sat some time with her and her cat, while I made selections from the photographs at leisure. "The Señor was in the country—his return uncertain —would the Señora call another day?"

Where but in easy-going Spain would a "business" be left to take care of itself, and customers told to await the return of the proprietor from the country?

This was the case here; and making my choice, with a promise to come back the next day to complete the purchase, we again sallied forth into the now fierce heat.

The sun was sending down vertical rays, and carefully we crept under the awnings in the streets, and the narrow scrap of shadow cast by the broad eaves. But how to cross that scorching Plaza? One hesitated like a timid maiden ere she plunges into the sea, before making the bold venture; and when at length we faced the fire, were nearly frizzled.

The streets were entirely deserted; a quietude reigned that told of labour suspended, and the

universal indulgence in the *siesta*. On this occasion the state of things was infectious; and, following the popular example, the English lady on reaching her hotel, was glad to seek repose in the twilight of her own room.

NOTE.—"Whatever consequence a nation may derive, in its own age, from physical resources, its intellectual development will form the subject of deepest interest to posterity. The most flourishing periods of both not unfrequently coincide. Thus, the reigns of Abderrahman the Third, Alhakem the Second, and the regency of Almanzar, embracing the latter half of the tenth century, during which the Spanish Arabs reached their highest political importance, may be regarded as the period of their highest civilization under the Omeyades; although the impulse then given carried them forward to still further advances in the turbulent times which followed. This beneficent impulse is, above all, imputable to Alhakem. . . . In his elegant tastes, appetite for knowledge, and munificent patronage, he may be compared with the best of the Medici. . . .

"Above all, he was intent upon the acquisition of an extensive library. He invited illustrious foreigners to send him their works, and munificently recompensed them. . . . He employed agents in Egypt, Syria,

Irak, and Persia, for collecting and transcribing the rarest manuscripts; and his vessels returned freighted with cargoes more precious than the spices of the East.

. . . "An amazing number of writers swarmed over the Peninsula at this period. Casoir's multifarious catalogue bears ample testimony to the emulation with which not only men but women of the highest rank devoted themselves to letters; the latter contending publicly for the prizes, not merely in eloquence and poetry, but in those recondite studies which have usually been reserved for the other sex. The prefects of the provinces, emulating their master, converted their courts into academies, and dispensed premiums to poets and philosophers. . . . Eighty free schools were opened in Cordova. The circle of letters and science were publicly expounded by professors, whose reputation for wisdom attracted not only the scholars of Christian Spain, but of France, Italy, Germany, and the British Isles. For this period of brilliant illumination with the Saracens corresponds precisely with that of the deepest barbarism in Europe; when a library of three or four hundred volumes was a magnificent endowment for the richest monastery; when scarcely a 'priest south of the Thames,' in the words of Alfred, 'could translate Latin into his mother tongue;' and when not a single philosopher, according to Tiraboschi, was to be met with in Italy, save only the French pope, Sylvester the Second, who drew his knowledge from the school of the Spanish Arabs, and was esteemed a necromancer for his pains.

"Such is the glowing picture presented to us of Arabian scholarship in the tenth and succeeding centuries."—Prescott, *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. i. p. 20.

CHAPTER X.

SEVILLE—*continued.*

And now—off on a shopping expedition to the Calle de las Sierpes.

This narrow street, or rather paved alley, contains some of the best shops in Seville; and forms a pleasant lounge, being shaded by an awning drawn across between the housetops, thus permitting a free circulation of air beneath.

Here one may stroll in comfort—only keeping clear of the laden donkeys—and find the amusement so dear to ladies, of looking at pretty things in shop windows.

Lace is one of the most attractive articles displayed:—and then the fans!

Ah, fans indeed, yes.

How could a Spaniard, male or female, exist without the aid of these implements?

It is flutter, flutter, flutter, wherever you go. Not only is every individual of the gentler sex armed with a fan, as part, and a very important part of her toilette, but the other, the rough half of creation, does not disdain to agitate the air on his own account.

At dinner, gentlemen may be seen drawing their fans from their pockets and using them as the most natural thing to do possible; and men of every grade down to railway porters, cool themselves by this process in the intervals of their labours. In Seville Cathedral one day, I noticed two dirty little beggar children, bundles of rags, squatted on the marble pavement, sharing the use of an exceedingly respectable fan between them.

Here, these useful and elegant toys may be obtained in great variety, from the huge weapon a yard long, which a "fast" *majo* would sport at a bull-fight, down to the fairy article intended for four-year-old fingers—at prices, too, beginning with the smallest coin of the realm, and mounting to large sums.

A Spanish lady does not care what she spends

in this department of "dress;" she prides herself on having a valuable collection, and the most precious specimens descend as heirlooms in families.

From an early age girls are taught to "play" them gracefully; and in doing this they generally succeed.

With some ladies, a knack of producing a certain sharp click in the action is considered an accomplishment, and its attainment is therefore an object of ambition; but the effect, especially when heard in church, or in a room full of people, all bent on making the same noise, is so trying to the nerves, that it would not be tolerated in English society, where quietude of movement is a desideratum.

The shops next in interest are those for the sale of jewelry, chiefly Cordovan; those where the *alforjas* or Spanish saddle-bags are sold; the pottery shops, where classical-shaped jars of clay may be obtained; and those for painted statuettes, illustrative of Spanish costumes.

The shopkeepers appear to take life easily; and you are consequently spared the trial of having to

resist insinuating efforts on their part, to make you a purchaser of their goods.

The proprietor sits comfortably in the coolest place he can find, and smokes at leisure; eyeing his customers with a philosophical glance that seems to say, that

> "*They* may come, and *they* may go,
> But I *puff* on for ever."

Of course the *employés* take their cue from the master, and move about with languid indifference.

"I want so-and-so, if you please." A single thing is brought.

"Have you not others?"

"Does not the Señora like it?"

"You may have others I should like better."

That one should have a choice does not enter into their calculations, or they are too indolent to indulge your taste. This is the rule, though it has, like every other, exceptions.

The most accommodating suggestion made was at a music shop; where, inquiring for some songs which proved not to be in stock, it was proposed that written copies should be procured. This is

very commonly done in Spain: music is sold in manuscript.

Besides shops, there are *cafés* to be visited as you saunter along—at least there is strong temptation to do so, for the climate is a thirsty one, and the iced drinks, sherbet and such compounds, which are so grateful, are understood here.

Yes, live *as* the inhabitants do, and *where* they do, and even Seville in the dog-days is bearable. You see things and people too, more *au naturel*, the foreign element being almost *nil* at these times.

"As far as I can ascertain, you are the only English traveller now in the place," the hotel commissionaire said to me; and it was likely enough to be true. Certainly I saw no fellow-countrymen or women.

At the table d'hôte, Spanish gentlemen were the only guests, excepting on one occasion, when a lady of the same nationality was present.

The evening is the time to see the life of the city. Towards sunset, the drowsy folks wake up, and if so inclined take the air. Desirous of seeing these human bats, I ordered a carriage to take me to the favourite resort of the *beau monde* of Anda-

lusia; and the band of waiters having applied their energies to obtaining the most suitable vehicle for the occasion, a neat little open affair was soon at the door, and the order given to "Las Delicias."

And very delicious it was, driving in those shadowy avenues, after the day's heat. There are several roads, bordered by side walks and shaded by trees, on a level spot alongside the river. This is the "Bois" or Hyde Park of Seville; and in spite of the season there was a fair attendance of company.

The equipages generally were of a more showy description than those to which English taste gives its approval; and the small, stout horses attached to them would not have excited the envy of a Belgravian dame. The lady occupants of the carriages all wore the mantilla and veil, disclosing their shining braids and coils of hair, and adding lustre to their large, swimming brown eyes; while a rose peeped coquettishly from amongst the dark folds of the drapery, giving a picturesque effect to the costume. The inevitable fan was of course fluttered and flirted incessantly.

The gentlemen, very many of whom were on horseback, were lightly attired in white, or pale grey suits; wore shoes as a rule, and broad-brimmed straw hats of considerable dimensions, which gave them the appearance of Brazilian planters.

They caracoled on their wild little Barbs and sturdy Andalusians, in a business-like manner. Some, of the *paterfamilias* stamp, shared the comforts of the family coach with wife and daughters; but the younger men seemed to prefer equestrian exercise; with the exception of one youthful dandy, who was evidently introducing the latest novelty, by driving a small English waggonette, with a team of four spirited animals!

Inside, sat a diminutive groom, wearing a white linen coat.

There was much that was characteristic in the scene—much that was semi-tropical, both in the atmosphere and the people.

To increase the impression there conveyed, the *chicharra,* or cicala—the noisy insect that makes itself heard from its leafy covert amongst the trees overhead—added its quota. This provoking little

creature keeps up a perpetual movement of its wings, and this agitation produces a sound like the hissing of steam. Above, below, around you, is this constant whirring and hissing. It is only heard in extremely warm weather, and it makes you warmer to hear it.

Such are the most striking features of Las Delicias; and when the sun had gone down, leaving streaks of saffron and deep rose in the sky, to be reflected as in a burnished mirror on the Guadalquivir, and throwing out the buildings on the opposite bank in richest ruby and purple tones against the effulgent background, the whole scene, as regarded both animate and inanimate nature, was one of glowing life and colour.

Soon—so soon, that the brightness had scarcely had time apparently to fade—it was dark, and objects looked all blotted and blurred in the gloom. But in a few minutes a new light broke upon the moving panorama. The moon rose in her ripe, mellow, August splendour, illumining the earth softly; flowers breathed forth their fragrance deliciously, and merry laughter rang out from lovely ladies and gay *caballeros,* all lingering to enjoy the

dewy freshness of the night-wind — perhaps exchange love-sighs under its influence.

As I drove home, it was evident that other classes of society were also abroad, amusing themselves after their own fashion. The plazas were much frequented, sellers of ices busy, and the tinkling of guitars and rattle of castanets sounded cheerful—more so than *vocal* efforts ever do in this part of the world, where the Moorish taste still abides in the musical breathings of the populace. They improvise—singing any doggrel that the incidents of the moment may suggest, in a monotonous chant, which is only varied by a peculiar trill occasionally, introducing a semitone; and the fall is usually on a minor note.

When the singer's voice is good, it has a wild, rather touching effect; though it is sad, and one soon wearies of its sameness: but as a rule, the voices are harsh, and the constant repetition of one cadence is simply unpleasing.

Very often, the subject of these strains is religious.

The writer heard a young muleteer, at Gibraltar, one day, varying his adjurations to his mules, and

objurgations of their doings, with scraps of song: when a friend present, who knew Spanish, laughingly said—

"Would you like to hear the rubbish he is singing? A rough translation would be—

> "The Virgin went from door to door
> Begging for pen, ink, and paper.
> And what did she require it for?
> To write to her husband—her dear husband,
> Saint Joseph."

The above specimen was not, however, impromptu; but, I fancy, formed part of a Christmas carol.

Lounging about in the Calle de las Sierpes, and constantly turning in at all hours to the Cathedral, so time slips by in Seville to a stranger. That beautiful cathedral! To me it seems like a fine poem—grand in its subject-matter, musical in its rhythm, and abounding in sparkling imagery.

But there are other things to see in this Southern capital; and the admirer of the Spanish school of painting, if he cannot go the round of all the churches—and there are some twenty to visit—will yet not neglect the principal collections.

The chief of these is the Museum, which was formerly a convent. You pass through its cloisters, and see its *patio;* and in what was the church, the principal works are hung.

Murillo shines resplendent here. His own pet production, "St. Thomas de Villeneuve distributing alms," is a marvellous painting; two others—"St. Anthony and the Infant Saviour" (one of these is exquisitely lovely), and another of his, "San Francisco embracing his Crucified Lord"—will each demand long study. But perhaps it is the "St. Felix de Cantilicia" that is most calculated to enthral and fascinate.

Nothing can be conceived more tender in touch, more graceful in lines, and subtle in execution, than this charming picture. Of this, Ford tells us that the Spaniards say, it was painted "*con leche y sangre*"—with milk and blood.

Truly it is a masterpiece.

Zurbaran is also largely represented. His most striking picture is that of "St. Hugo in his Refectory, with several Carthusian Monks." It is a difficult subject, but admirably treated, taking into consideration the awkward positions and the intrac-

table dress of the good fathers; whilst the heads of these friars are life itself—full of expression.

"San Bruno in audience of Pope Urban II." is a fine painting; and the "Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas," considered to be his chef-d'œuvre, may here be admired and studied.

In the Sculpture Saloon, the most noticeable works are a "San Gerónimo," in terra cotta, by Torrigiano, bold and vigorous in modelling, and some by Montañes, that are interesting.

Next in importance to this collection, in which though choice is small, only numbering about 260 paintings, is that in the church attached to *La Caridad*, an almshouse for old men.

A sister of charity, neat and quiet, admitted us; and as it was the hour when the sisters were at prayers, prostrated before a shrine, I waited till their devotions were over before making a detailed inspection of the building; and meanwhile watched these holy women musingly.

As they filed past, I could see that many had sweet, placid faces. The active duties of their saintly life doubtless keep them from stagnating, as, when existence is passed in morbid seclusion,

must necessarily happen. A fresh, humanising influence comes to them, like a breeze from the green country, in fulfilling their busy offices of charity; and to those who have attained the calm heights of perfect self-abnegation, and who can look onward without repining to the path before them, and its peaceful end—such a life as theirs may be happier than we imagine it to be.

The interior of the church is overpowering in its excess of heavy ornament; and though at first sight imposing, its bad taste is too soon observable.

Here are more Murillos. Two are of immense size, illustrative respectively of the "Miracle of the Loaves," and of "Moses striking the Rock"—the latter is grand in effect; but some of the smaller ones, especially an "Infant Saviour" and "St. John," are gems.

The Retablo (*reredos* it would be called with us) is another of the wonderful works of Pedro Roldan —those groups of carved and coloured figures in the execution of which he so excelled: and this is pronounced his chef-d'œuvre—it is a "Descent from the Cross." Then there are two other paint-

ings, in another part of the building, which attracted my attention; but unfortunately I have forgotten the names of the artists. One was a most revolting subject—a dead, *decomposed* body. Of this picture I was told that Murillo, while gazing at it, exclaimed, with a gesture of disgust, that "he could *smell* it"—so powerful is the delineation, so accurate the unpleasant details.

The other contained a similar idea to the "Angel de la Guarda," only, in this instance, it is a full-grown saint—St. George, I think—and he is engaged in conflict.

Unseen by him, an angel is supporting him, and directing his hands. The spectator draws the moral.

He also, if in a moralising mood, listens to the story of the re-builder of the edifice, the gay De Lara, and notes the humble epitaph he chose in his penitent days—

"*Cenizas del peor hombre que ha habido en el mundo.*"

And now, with a gratuity, or gift to the gentle sister, we leave the quiet church, and find ourselves passing through the bustling Custom-house adjoining, and going off on a pilgrimage of a very

different kind to any of the foregoing—viz. to see the reputed house of the original Figaro. Of course, one tries to accept the assurance that it was the veritable abode of the veritable man; and with scenes from *Il Barbiere* recurring to mind, and airs from it floating in memory, one passes on amongst the picturesque groups of idle, sunshine-loving people, and one thinks how Time has dawdled in his dealings with this behind-the-world peninsula—so much here remaining just as it was centuries ago.

But there is one symptom of advancement that is gratifying—monks have disappeared from the land. We look in vain for the figures with shaven crown, girdled robe, and sandalled feet, that "came in" so effectively in former "Views in Spain."

But if we may regret their absence in an artistic sense, in every other one may congratulate the country; while hoping that State education, the spread of knowledge, and an interest universally felt in matters of science, art, and literature, may in the future render the existence of a class of men who did posterity such good service in the dark

ages, unnecessary in the present days of enlightenment.

Very good photographic likenesses are taken in Seville, owing, perhaps, to the clearness of the atmosphere. The writer availed herself of the opportunity afforded of her being there to have one done; and, sitting in a glass house at a temperature of 120°, was depicted—a limp, parboiled object, in the last agonies of heat.

This led to a rather amusing incident, which, as it in a measure illustrates the peculiarities of the people, may be here recorded.

Head-weary with sight-seeing, when evening came, I had unrolled my hair, and let it all hang down, mane-like, as I sat writing in my room.

There came a tap at the door, and a bevy of waiters introduced the photographer, followed by the landlord of the hotel (who could speak French) to "interpret."

The "artist" had on speculation coloured one of the portraits, and, proud of the achievement, had been exhibiting it to the people of the house.

Spaniards are inquisitive as children, and have

much of their simplicity; so, business being slack, this likeness was a matter of interest in the establishment!

It was pronounced good by mine host. "But what a pity the *chevelure* had not been painted! *So*—just as mademoiselle then had it!"

The gentle gravity and earnestness of the man precluded the possibility of one's being offended, and I could only laugh heartily as I explained that the dégagé style of coiffure was only adopted for my own comfort when alone—that English gentlewomen had their pictures taken in the style most easily recognisable by their friends, and not for "effect."

He shook his head, and still pleaded the claims of the *chevelure*.

The fact is, that with these Andalusians fair hair is at a premium; for they see the lustrously beautiful raven tresses on every head, and the spun-sugar variety is consequently pleasing. But when would such a homely exhibition of interest in a guest's likeness take place at a hotel in England?—"Cosas de España!"*

* "Things in Spain": a saying.

CHAPTER XI.

CORDOVA.

And now, with most pleasant recollections of sunny Seville, I bade it "adieu," and took the train for Cordova.

A stretch of dusty-looking land lay on either side the first part of the way, flat and brown, relieved by the lilac tints of the distant hills, and patches of plantation — a row of oleanders in blossom, feathery canes, or olives. These latter were protected by red clay pots, like chimney-pots; just as I have seen in Northern France and Belgium wheat-sheaves guarded from injury by little thatched roofs.

The town of Carmona, so Moorish as it is, must be well worth visiting, and it is commandingly placed on a hill; so is Almodavar. Both these places are picturesque in appearance; and some

of the smaller stations looked so sketchable as to tempt me to transfer them to a pocket-block, while the train lingèred about the spot. The smart peasant, too, in his jacket of green or brown velvet, with its silver buttons, seemed posed for his picture. The women disfigure themselves by wearing a coloured silk or cotton handkerchief (from Manchester) over the head, and tied under the chin; and although the artistic effect is better than a bonnet would be, the style is very trying to the face. But the bourgeois classes still cling to the graceful mantilla, than which nothing can be more becoming. The heavy folds of rich black silk which drape the shoulders and bust of that portly duenna, give her dignity, and conceal the superabundance of her form; whilst the transparent gauze or lace that floats from the shining coils of her daughter's head softens the lines of the slight girlish figure, and adds infinitely to her attractions. Black lace mittens are worn, if anything is, on the hands, and the universal fan serves for shading the eyes from the sun, as well as producing a mimic breeze. The top of the head is left unprotected, and how the women bear the

frizzling of brain that this must cause when exposed to the blazing sun is a marvel; nor do they in cold weather wear any extra head-covering.

At Cordova station, for the first time since landing at Cadiz, there were English people to be seen; and they were bound like myself, for the clean, comfortable "Fonda Suiza." Conversation at the table d'hôte led to an invitation from them to spend the evening in their room — an invite which I gladly accepted. At starting there was the awkward fact that neither of us knew the other's name, but cosmopolites soon get over such little difficulties, and generally, as in this case, discover that there are places or persons in whom both are interested.

My entertainers, though English by birth, had lived chiefly in South America, and when in Europe seemed to be most at home in Paris.

Papa, mamma, and daughter were each bright and pleasant in their respective ways, and all most kind to their stranger guest; so an hour or two passed very agreeably in talking upon art and kindred matters. It was interesting to hear that

Mr. ——— had known Ford, the late accomplished author to whom tourists in Spain owe so much, in giving to a guide-book,* by its graphic delineations, play of humour and fancy, and graceful diction, a fascination that few such works possess. This authority informs us of Cordova "that it was called by the Carthaginians 'the gem of the South;'" and that ages afterwards under the Moors, it became the Athens of the West; and that "the wealth, luxury, and refinement of this period in the history of Cordova reads as if it were an Aladdin tale."

The Mosque — as people still designate the Cathedral—dates from A.D. 786, and ranked third of mosques. Though prepared for seeing something *unique*, I must confess to feeling staggered on first entering the building.

The lofty wall that surrounds it hides much of the exterior, and it is not until you find yourself in the inside that you can form any idea at all of the place.

You step in, and receive the impression that you are in the centre of a wood—a petrified wood!

* Murray's 'Handbook to Spain,' in two parts.

Apparently low-roofed (from its amazing width), with a perfect forest of pillars, not all of uniform size and shape, but varying slightly, and of different materials, viz., porphyry, marble, jasper, &c., with multitudinous arches crossing and re-crossing each other at various angles, the effect produced is extraordinary. It can only be compared, as above, to a petrified wood, in whose dim labyrinths one wanders on in perplexity, with an old-world feeling creeping over one that seems to threaten fossilization for oneself.

It is a modification of the Gothic idea—that of the grove; but it is Moorish entirely, and "this specimen offers the finest type in Europe of the true temple of Islam."

It gives you a suffocating sensation; though the area it covers is most extensive—394 feet by 356. The height is only 35 feet. Of the pillars there were originally 1200; now there are but 1096.

"Of course," said Mr. ——— to me after my visit, "you became a Mussulman?" (or woman?).

"The thing to do" is to walk seven times round the Ceca or Moslem Holy of Holies. The perform-

ance of this act in former times was equivalent to a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Ceca is the most exquisite little erection, a fairy-like structure covered on the outside with gorgeous mosaics, and in the inside lined with marble chiselled into a lovely lacework arabesque pattern; while the ceiling of this sanctum sanctorum is of marble formed into one large shell. To show this beautiful piece of workmanship the guide lighted a torch—a practice which constantly repeated as it is, must, one would think, be seriously detrimental to the marble as regards its whiteness, and to the delicate tracery. It looked sadly grimy; but perhaps a good scrubbing would restore it to its pristine purity.

The choir is comparatively modern, dating from 1523, and although out of keeping with the rest of the building, is in itself handsome. The *retablo* and stalls are of richly carved wood, and there are some fine old tombs to be seen.

The other sights of interest in Cordova are the Roman bridge, the building standing near it, which was formerly used by the Inquisition, and which was erected on the remains of the castle of Roderick the last of the Goths, and the large

quaint-looking Plaza, in the centre of which innumerable martyrs perished at the stake.

"Burnt at Cordova!" How familiarly the words came to mind, as notifying the ending of many a brave life—the finale of many a touching story told of those who formed "the noble army of martyrs."

I shuddered involuntarily as I looked round—perhaps on the identical objects that met the gaze of agonized thousands; for the houses with their picturesque wooden balconies look old enough to have witnessed the frightful, fiendish scenes that were enacted in their midst. Imagination conjures up these sights of horror—sees the flaming pile, the excited multitude, the darkened sky, the tortured victims — appalling, sickening sights they must have been. If angels hovered near to receive the souls of these just ones, surely devilry nevertheless was rampant then!

Yet these deeds that fouled the name of religion were wrought, not in barbarous times, but in an age of enlightenment; in days when art and *belles-lettres* flourished; and were perpetrated by men of cultivation, refinement, and Christian piety (?).

Will the demon of persecution ever be let loose upon this earth again, and savagery of spirit spring up with strong rebound, after the gentleness of modern ages?

Who can tell?

It is said that "History repeats itself." Some twenty years ago, when the "Apostles of Peace," Messrs. Cobden and Bright, preached a coming millennium—when swords were to be turned into ploughshares, they little dreamt that those twenty years ahead of them were to see wars carried on on a more gigantic scale than the world had ever seen, and such torrents of blood rained on the soil that humanity shrinks from the remembrance.

When, too, the last poor old hag was burnt in England for witchcraft, who would have imagined that, in years long after, the childish absurdity of table-turning would meet with toleration, much less encouragement, in educated circles?

Such facts send one back to a very old authority, and incline one to repeat the wise man's words: "The thing that hath been, it is that

which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

The streets of Cordova are for the most part narrow, and the city looks half asleep. It may not, however, have looked much more lively in its palmiest days, when it contained a million inhabitants, as the houses, being in the Oriental style, present only blank walls to the public, or else windows with closely barred *rejas* before them; and all the decoration is reserved for the interior of the tenement and its luxurious *patio*.

A great leather trade used to be carried on here in past times, the name "cordwain" being derived from the place; but at present ornaments in gold and silver seem to be its *spécialité*.

I visited some of the principal shops for these articles, but saw none that took my fancy. They are chiefly of filigree, but exceedingly coarse and rough in workmanship, not bearing comparison in point of taste with the delicate Maltese or Indian productions of the same kind. Another style is massive and heavy, and all are showy, thus suiting

the dark-eyed Andalusian belle when arrayed for a *fiesta*.

Wending one's way through the narrow alleys one runs the risk, as at Seville, of being perpetually knocked down by laden donkeys.

Splendid animals they are—large, and milk-white, with gay trappings, in which a bit of scarlet or some bright-coloured fringe is very effective. It must be the Paradise of asses, judging by their size and condition.

Amongst the human objects of interest most noticeable were some hermits from "Val Paraiso," clad in a brown serge garment, girdled with a cord, and wearing sandals—like monks, in fact. The hermitage is only about a mile and a half from the town, and the recluses are allowed to come in, two together, to "do their shopping."

They "looked natural"—identified, as they are in our minds with a Spanish city; but they are the only approach to monastic individuals to be seen in the country now-a-days.

Tant mieux!

A military band played for the gratification of the public one evening.

It was audible from the hotel, and was a very fair band; but the company who doubtless were assembled to gossip to its strains, and enjoy the popular Malagueñas that were performed, I did not join.

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY TO GRANADA.

THE next day, after revisiting the *Mezquita*, and the ruins of the Moorish mills, and getting some sketches by the river, I turned my face towards Granada.

A strange elation I felt at the thought of so soon beholding a spot, round which Romance, more even than History, has thrown a halo of weird and peculiar interest, amounting to enchantment.

Would those halls of fabled beauty yield only disappointment?

Would this realization of a long-cherished dream be but another of life's prosaic awakenings?

The train for Bobadilla left at two P.M., and in sixteen hours I might hope to be at Granada. The thought was exciting.

The other occupants of the carriage were some Spanish gentlemen, dressed in the coolest and lightest of materials.

They puffed, and they puffed; alternately at the heat, exclaiming at its intensity with gestures of suffering,—and at their huge cigars; they drank copious draughts of cold water at every station, and fanned themselves assiduously.

A young priest of quiet demeanour, who indulged in none of these excesses, was another traveller; and accompanying him, was a very ladylike girl, evidently his sister.

She formed a pleasant subject of contemplation as a *vis-à-vis*; for she was a good illustration of high-class Iberian beauty.

Her transparent skin, well-chiselled features, and liquid hazel eyes were lovely; and there was in her face a look of refinement that is not an ordinary characteristic amongst her country-women. She wore a black mantilla and veil, which further enhanced her charms, and altogether was "like a picture."

The country on this line, undulates pleasantly; and the sunny slopes of Montilla are

suggestive of what they are,—wine-producing localities.

Here, and at Aguilar, are palaces and estates belonging to the Duke of Medina Celi; but no views of any great interest present themselves, and it is welcome news when you hear that Bobadilla is reached, where you change trains.

Here, dinner was procurable. The refreshment room was a tolerably-sized building or shed, with several tables spread across it, well covered with edibles, steaming soup, &c.; but the place was not boarded, and the dusty earth with its various accumulations, was the floor.

A civil young waiter made lucky guesses at the tastes of the lady who was alone, and in spite of the hubbub and confusion, an eatable repast was obtained, with a glass of Montilla.

On entering the train for Archidona, two young men came into the same carriage with me; and as I asked—or rather strove to ask—a question of an official, one of the new-comers immediately solved the difficulty in excellent English.

The speaker was a Spaniard, but those few words were indeed choicest Saxon at that moment.

And satisfactory it was to ascertain that these gentlemen were going on all the way to Granada, and that they seemed as pleased at thinking they could be of use to me as I was at having the prospect of their services.

A polite inquiry was made, rare indeed in Spain on such a subject, whether I would object to their smoking.

"Oh, no; I beg you will smoke," was the answer.

True, that the writer had been half fainting from the clouds puffed by those six warm men during the journey from Cordova; but, stand in the way of these kindly young fellows' enjoyment —impossible. So, edging up closer to the open window, I prepared to be a martyr.

However, neither of these matched the Cordovan travellers; cigarettes, made as required, served on this occasion; and a whiff now and then of a mild nature, was not objectionable.

Thus gratified, my companions chatted agreeably; while the sun sinking lower in the west, sent slanting rays of gold across the meadows and low, green, billowy hills of this fertile land;

and we sped on our way peacefully and pleasantly.

By-and-by we noticed that the train slackened speed, and proceeded very slowly; stopped, crept on again, at last drew up altogether: yet there was no station near.

What could it be?

Now, just then, *brigands* were the fashion. They were the bugbear that had prevented many a planned ride and pleasurable excursion from being carried out from the Rock; and had in this way seriously interfered with my enjoyment already. A notification had lately been issued to officers of the garrison, that if they ventured into Spain, they must do so on their own responsibility. Diligences were advertised in the local papers with the assuring but not alluring foot-note appended, that a military escort would accompany each vehicle, and that passengers consequently need have no fear of brigands.

Trains, too, had been stopped in Andalusia by these gentry. Were they the cause of the present detention?

If so, the "unprotected female" traveller had

got herself into a terrible scrape; and "serve her right" would be the verdict given by friends at home, and by numerous juries of British ladies sitting in calm security by domestic hearths in "Merrie England."

The idea was not a pleasant one. (The brigands, not the verdict.)

Heads were out of every carriage window now, and there was a murmur of many voices; while three individuals, grand in cocked hats and coats with silver lace, went past with an air of importance.

"What *is* the matter? *Do* tell me," I asked in trepidation of my English-speaking *vis-à-vis*, who was looking out of the window.

"An accident has happened," was his reply,— "but not to us. A man has fallen from a bridge, and is supposed to be killed, and we have brought the *guardias civiles* to inquire into the matter." The uncertainty as to the exact locality where the sad occurrence had taken place was the reason of our proceeding so slowly.

This explanation was given as we were crossing the Guadaljorce, a full-flowing river bordered by

oleander bushes; flat meadow land stretched away to the right, where might be seen a conical-shaped hill, with a straggling village at its base,—a pastoral, tranquil picture.

"There,—*there* he is!" suddenly exclaimed my companion; and involuntarily following the direction of his eyes and pointed finger, I was gazing, ere I was aware of it, on the face of the dead.

Down in the field just below us as we reached the end of the bridge, lay the body of a young man in peasant's dress,—laid upon a large square pillow, gaily striped with red. How such small details strike us, even in the most awful moments!

One glance at that upturned face, so ghastly in its ashen hue, told too plainly that life had departed. Thank God it wore a placid expression.

"Yes, he *is* dead," was remarked quietly.

Poor fellow!

There was not much excitement, and after some further delay, the journey was resumed.

The sun had sunk now, the gilding on the landscape was dulled, all was russet brown, and

the hour was just one when Melancholy has her reign.

Weary in body, and saddened by the scene I had just witnessed, I leaned back in the carriage, experiencing that sort of feeling which amongst women is generally relieved by having "a good cry;" but many hours of journeying were in prospect, the weariest and worst,—how rouse myself from this depression?

My lively companions kindly did it for me. Dismissing the painful incident from conversation, they pointed out the different objects of interest as we passed them. The town of Antequera is an important one, and picturesquely situated. "Much money is made there," was an observation respecting this place; and probably now that the resources of this rich country are becoming better appreciated, through English and American enterprise, the sons of the soil may do their part in assisting in the development of these resources.

The "Lovers' Rock" is a striking feature in the landscape for many miles; and as it rises in solitary grandeur from the plain, it can be well

seen from every point of view. From some points, it is not unlike the Rock of Gibraltar.

Did I know the legend concerning this hill—the *Peñon de los Enamorados?* asked my fellow-travellers; how the cruel Moorish papa would not let his daughter marry the Christian slave, and how the two silly young people determined to destroy themselves; and they jumped from *there*,—you see?—that point?

By-and-by, one of the gentlemen began singing *sotto voce*, and his friend as softly chimed in a second.

The voices were unusually good, the management of them artistic, and the "audience" expressed approbation and requested an *encore*.

"Well, what will the Señora like?"

"Name the Opera, and we will give you any songs from it you may wish to hear."

Duets and solos now followed each other as rapidly as the "audience" called for them; and a real treat she had, in hearing her favourite morceaux from 'Don Giovanni' and 'Faust' thus interpreted; for she was very soon driven to the conclusion that she was listening to professional

singers of no mean standing. *Gentlemen*, however, they were, unmistakably; for in Spain, as in Italy, young men of good family do not mind adopting the profession of a singer; though they usually take a *nom de guerre* in doing so, and reserve their patronymic for private life.

It was quite dark when we reached Archidona, where the great lumbering diligence, with a team of ten mules, was awaiting the arrival of the train.

Anxiously I watched the passengers as they gathered round the vehicle, determining in my own mind to take a place if possible, in the compartment with any other women there might be going. Alas, not a petticoat was to be seen! I was the only woman, and all the other passengers were men.

In this case, it would have been natural to prefer the companions of the past journey to untried ones; but unfortunately for me they had taken places on the outside, and as the inside was so much preferable for a lady, it seemed best that I should seat myself in the front compartment,

or "*berlina*," the French *coupé*, which just then was empty.

"Well, very probably you will have it all to yourself," said one of my new friends as he helped me in, "and we are just above you, if you require our services."

But no such luck as solitude for me. Just at starting, a big man in a white linen coat, bundled himself in, with a good deal of hard breathing, and appeared inclined to spread himself over two seats, instead of contenting himself with his corner; but the judicious placing of a small but well-crammed bag, and a hard sketch-book, kept the third place, the one between us, free.

A remark which he made in Spanish, not eliciting a response in that tongue, awakened his curiosity, and several fusees were struck in succession, ostensibly to light his gigantic cigar, but really for the purpose of seeing what sort of person this "foreigner" was.

Then ensued a string of questioning, which of course the lady who shook her head and could not speak Spanish might be supposed not to understand.

"Where was I going? With whom was I travelling? Was I married? Had I a husband —*marito—esposo*" (emphatically) "*un hombre?*" and to assist my comprehension he gave his chest a vigorous blow.

The inquisitiveness of the man might have been amusing at any other time, but just then it was decidedly objectionable; and it was rather a relief when the diligence stopped for a few minutes, and one of my friends on the top descended from his perch, and looking in, asked me cheerily, in English, "How I was getting on?" This further whetted the curiosity of my obese companion, who now transferred his interrogatories to the gentleman.

Ah! who was the Señora? The Señor was her husband? No! Then he was her *intended* (triumphantly).

The lady under discussion felt very thankful that she was by both parties presumed to be ignorant of the language they were speaking; but the interest shown by the outside traveller had a good effect on the inside one; gradually he lapsed into silence, and at length his inquiring mind was

hushed in sleep. *Mind* only, however; for *how* he snored! The creature!

Meanwhile the journey was going on. Starting the ten mules, had been accomplished with an amount of swearing, yelling, and lashing, frightful to hear; and once off, they had to be kept up to their work by the same means. Along the mountain side—dimly seen by the light of stars, —down in the valleys, through the torrent's bed, up the steep hills, away we went; now, like a ship at sea, we plunged into a deep hollow, to rise with a tremendous tug and strain in answer to the fierce scourging bestowed upon the luckless brutes that dragged us behind them; now trundling on over a level piece; rattling, shaking, swaying to and fro, and threatening at sharp turnings to topple right over; then—*da capo*, plunge again.

French diligence experiences are unpleasant enough; but there, the bonny, stout little horses respond more readily to the appeals made to them, and "Allez—allez, mon petit gris!" has rather an amiable sound. But whether the mules are more difficult to drive, or that Spaniards are less patient

with their team, there certainly is infinitely more fuss made by the latter in driving. There is, in addition to the coachman, an imp who sits beside him, or clings on wherever he can, and jumps up and down perpetually, whose sole duty seems to be to flagellate; and this he does with apparently right good will. The awful blows that some of the poor animals received seemed severe enough to break their bones, for the stick as well as the lash was used with all force.

It went very much against the grain with me to bestow the customary *douceur*, at parting, upon this young savage; but he was only fulfilling the task imposed upon him; and low-class Spaniards, as a rule, appear incapable of feeling for the dumb creation—a fact traceable perhaps in large measure to the popular amusement, the bull-fight; to which, from earliest infancy, they are accustomed.

Thus, amidst discordant noises of a most irritating kind, and the more harmonious jingling of the mule-bells, our great machine rolled on; and every mile added to the bruises one received, and the uncomfortable sensations caused by the rough jolting and jarring. Nor was this all as concerned

myself; for, strive as I would, I could not quite get rid of the apprehension that would crop up occasionally, of an encounter with those pests of the country—brigands.

The night was pitchy dark now—no moon, scarcely a star visible; and nothing was to be distinguished of the land through which we were passing. Mountains might tower above us, ravines yawn below: but we saw them not, only *felt* the ascents and descents, and knew when a lofty summit was attained, or we were traversing the high plateaux, by the chilliness of the air.

Wild, desolate districts they are, those elevated regions. Now and then there would be an unaccountable stoppage; when the dead silence that reigned around made one strain one's ears only the more keenly to catch any sound that might be explanatory of the detention. Once my heart beat—thumped. It was on the occasion of a halt for which there seemed no reason; when some men on horseback appeared and spoke to the *Mayoral* or Conductor.

They were only, however, the *Guardias Civiles.*

An immense relief it was to hear that they *were* our guardians.

But in spite of these nervous tremors, and the physical discomfort of sitting cramped up in a hard, straight-backed vehicle, full of jagged pieces of broken iron, not to speak of the shaking and bruising accompaniment, I yet felt a strange exhilaration in being thus recklessly borne on over hill and dale in darkness, and, in some respects, *alone.*

Something of the feeling was excited that you experience, when, mounted on a fresh horse, you reach some breezy down; and the creature you are riding pawing impatiently the ground, snorting, and champing the bit, you yield to his mood —give him his head, and are off—off on a fearless gallop, it matters not much whither. In this case, however, the goal was decidedly an object; and having traversed these spurs of the Sierra Nevada, we found ourselves at last, about midnight, winding our way through the tortuous streets of Loja, amid a frantic cracking of whips and horn-blowing; swinging round the corners in such fashion that our team would be in one street whilst we

were in another, and the imp grew ubiquitous as he sprang about amongst the ten, whipping and swearing vigorously.

It was really a relief to draw up at the railway station, and have a cessation of these brutal sounds.

On alighting, visions of rest for half-an-hour, and a cup of tea stole pleasantly over me; as, stiff, parched with thirst, choked with dust, and intensely tired, I made my way into the station. The bare, dimly-lighted apartment into which I wandered, with its narrow bench running round it cushionless, offered but poor prospect of the former luxury, viz. rest; and the other appeared equally unattainable, as I shrank from struggling through the unwashed crowd that thronged the refreshment department.

Feverish from excitement, my tongue literally clove to the roof of my mouth; and, in pain in every limb, my whole frame seemed included in one "ache." But only a few minutes passed, and my kind *caballeros* had found me out, and were suggesting that I needed some refreshment. What could they get me?

I had better go into the room where people

were being served. Accordingly I followed them; they cleared a space round one of the tables, and seated me as well as they were able.

"*Tea.* Will you be good enough to tell the waiter to bring me some tea?" I cried—I was dying for it.

This rare drink, however, was not to be had. Chocolate there was, and coffee.

The latter was brought—very poor stuff. Still it was welcome, and served to revive exhausted nature. Meanwhile, my companions solaced themselves with a glass of cold water each, and *panales.* The latter resemble in shape the wafers we eat with ices, but are made of sugar, at least that is the chief ingredient, and they are tasteless and insipid. They are eaten *moistened.* The end is dipped into the water, bitten, or sucked off; another dip, another bite, and so on till it is finished.

With this mess Spaniards regale themselves; and it is the orthodox thing to hand round when a soirée is given, or guests are in any way received, just as *eau sucrée* is, amongst our Gallic neighbours.

The coffee consumed, I naturally took out my purse to pay for it, when my English-speaking

friend, with a dignified gesture, drew forth his, and signified his intention of "settling."

To this of course I firmly objected, adding, that in England it was customary for ladies to pay their own debts. "But you are in Spain now," was the quick response, "and 'When you are in Rome'—you know the proverb."

Finding that offence would be given if I persisted, I at length yielded the point, congratulating myself that the disbursement was but trifling.

On mentioning the circumstance afterwards to friends accustomed to Spanish usages, I was told that the gentlemen acted strictly in accordance with etiquette, and that their sensitiveness on this point would have been deeply wounded had I maintained my own country's customs.

And now the train should have left, but there was no sign of preparation. Wearily dragged the time in that comfortless station. Excitement had died out, fatigue pressed painfully, and it was hard work battling against the sleep that would have weighed down the heavy eyelids; for to indulge in a doze would have been to run the risk of being left behind

At last, with the greatest deliberation, the train was got ready, the passengers took their seats, and after a still further most tiresome delay—about an hour and a half late as regarded the proper time for starting, we moved away.

No railway carriage had ever seemed so comfortable, nay, luxurious, as this one, in which, with a delicious sense of "roughing it" passed, I now took mine ease. Sleepiness had taken flight, and it was vain to try to lure "Nature's soft nurse" to do her duty then; but it was delightful to lie quiet while looking out for the dawn which would reveal the beauties of the fertile Vega through which our route lay.

In due course, though to the watcher the hours seemed long, the purple night paled, the faint streaks in the eastern horizon grew brighter and longer, outlines became more definite, ghostlike objects assumed form and colour, and the spreading plain, the scene of so many sanguinary conflicts, smiled under the rich burden of its waving crops as the rising sun's first glance shot athwart them a ray of glory.

Granada was ahead.

CHAPTER XIII.

GRANADA.

YES: there—a towering barrier of some 12,000 feet at their highest point, rose fold upon fold the blue-grey mountains of the Sierra Nevada, their summits glistening with snow sunned to an apricot hue, their sides streaked as by veins with the snow that lay in their clefts and hollows; and beneath the shelter of these giants stood, at a comparatively low elevation, the Alhambra hill, just catching the sunbeams on its crest of red ruin.

Were those earthy-looking lumps the fairy Palace?

Most people have some idea formed in their minds of places they are on the eve of seeing, and in this case imagination had pictured another Heidelberg.

Imagination was at fault.

Heidelberg Castle may be compared to a once lovely woman, who even in old age retains traces of her past beauty.

The Alhambra, on the contrary, more resembles some scarred and maimed old warrior, whose battered frame has lost its symmetry, but in whose very ruggedness are signs of former strength.

Shapeless red masses, that indicate rather than describe broken walls and riven towers, are all that the traveller can see of the Alhambra as he approaches Granada by the railroad.

These massive ruins crown the height, and green woods creep up from the valley to clothe the base of the straggling pile and lend it picturesqueness.

As in all Moorish buildings, the exterior of this one must have been considered of minor importance, save in its presenting an appearance of solidity and of majestic grandeur—a rude grandeur that disdained the adventitious aid of ornament to gratify the sight of outside beholders, whilst it reserved for the princely inmates and privileged few who were admitted inside, the graces of art and beauties of decoration which were there so profusely lavished.

A selfish idea, after all; but the pleasure of "the million" was not studied here A.D. 1248. They were left "out in the cold" in those days, are so still where the warm sun of Christianity has not shed its rays; and, alas! there are chilly spots of shadow, even in lands where those rays do shine.

At the station, the commissionaire, or guide, attached to the hotel "Washington Irving" presented himself, and I was soon driving through the old city of Granada, which was shuttered close and its inhabitants all asleep at that early hour, five A.M., and up the long steep ascent to the Alhambra hill.

No one seemed about in the hotel. The guide admitted himself, I fancy; and then conducted me upstairs, found me an apartment, and bowed himself off.

A bath, though longed for, was at such a time unobtainable; and there was nothing, therefore, for the wearied traveller to do but to tie a wet towel round the head that was aching so fiercely, and to lie down and seek rest.

On appearing in the table d'hôte room for

breakfast, a message was brought me from the guide, asking at what hour his services would be required.

The answer returned was that they would not be wanted at all that day. It seemed preferable to introduce oneself to the old place and to receive such impressions as it might make on first acquaintance, without this individual,—a congenial* companion not being at hand.

So, by-and-by, I crossed the road in front of the hotel, and proceeded leisurely along one of the paths leading up through the wood,—the wood that was planted with the elm-trees from England in 1812. A curious appearance it has: for, having apparently never been thinned, the trees are so crowded that they cannot attain to any size, and they have struggled up in vast numbers—slight things, with a weedy look, strangely at variance with our notions of what elms should be.

But they form a close network of verdure overhead, which casts a dense shade. Seats are placed here and there, and, save that beggars give you no peace, it is pleasant to sit in the tremulous shadow, and hear the fizzing of the *chicharra* in

the branches above, and the sound—deliciously refreshing by contrast—of the gurgling water passing down in small conduits by the side of the pathway, gliding or rushing according to the fall at the spot, but always most musical to the ear in a burning land like Spain.

Parts of the palace walls, of *tapia*, red in colour and soft-looking, are visible through the foliage, and presently a sculptured fountain is reached. This is no relic of the Moor, though: it is of Charles V.'s time, and we pass on up through the turnings of the "Gate of Justice," noticing the stone seats underneath it, where the "men of the city" may have sat, as in the East in the days of Ruth and Boaz, to administer justice. One looks at the Arabic inscriptions, and at the open hand over the fine horse-shoe archway and the key beneath; and a few paces further, up a narrow lane and there is the *Plaza de los Algibes* (or cisterns), a large open space, partly surrounded by buildings.

A church is there, and the huge unfinished palace commenced by Charles V.; the outer wall of the Alcazaba-Kassábah, or ancient citadel of the

Moors (by some centuries older than other parts of the fortress), fronts one side, and in a corner opposite is the entrance to the palace of the Alhambra.

But that enchanted ground, which presents so little to attract in its exterior aspect, requires the "open sesame" of the guide's presence, or perhaps a special permit; so, on this my first visit, I contented myself with taking a general survey of the situation, and lerning to "find my way about." Lazily yielding to the languor which the night's rough journeyings had left, I seated myself on the rampart wall opposite the far-famed well, and, resting awhile, watched the donkeys being laden with their cool burden of water-barrels, enjoyed the sweet fragrance of the flowers blooming in the garden with the myrtle hedge close by, and ever and anon turned to feast my eyes on the view on the other hand.

Wooded slopes ran down the hill from below the wall. There, at the base, flows the Darro; the city lies to the left, but facing you rises the hill covered with the houses, gardens, walls, and motley erections that form the suburb called the *Albaicin*. Above this, and stretching to the right,

is a hill, the Monte Sacro, wearing just then a very desiccated appearance—dried and scorched, in fact, so thoroughly that it looked like a mountain of dust.

In sketching this hill from a point a short distance further on, I found a buff-coloured sheet of paper answered the purpose admirably; for when the blue sky was "put in," it needed but a few touches of shadow, some white dots to indicate the houses, and some dark green markings for the olive plantations, and the local colouring was given.

The foreground and middle distance were more redundant of colour. The latter was formed by the ravine—a purple hollow half-veiled by a light vapour, like a luscious plum with the bloom on—full of charming bits of tumble-down dwellings, and trellised bowers of vines and figs, disclosing here and there the rushing waters of the Darro; and in the foreground stood a white house, with a low Moorish tower, the shadows inky black, the roofing vivid scarlet. A garden lay in front, with its plot of canes, its glossy myrtle, its tangle of roses.

The air was sweetly odorous; and in the mid-day hush the hum of the bees—"the yellow bees in the ivy bloom," and the cooing of the pigeons or fluttering of their wings were the only sounds that broke the stillness. "A pleasant land of drowsie-hed it was."

But if the mind went day-dreaming and conjuring up past scenes in delightful "idlesse," the fingers were busy this day, and some pleasant mementoes in the shape of sketches were the result.

Looking at the wide circuit of the walls of the fortress, perhaps it is scarcely surprising that it was capable of containing an army of forty thousand men, and its strength must have been prodigious in those days when it was required for purposes of defence, for the walls and towers are of enormous thickness. True, high as it stands, other heights command it; but they would easily be made inaccessible to a hostile force, and the Moor in his mountain eyrie must have felt that Nature was his friend as he gazed on the high stony barriers beneath which his paradise lay sheltered. And down, like an eagle, he might look

on the rich valley below in all its tropical luxuriance, and deem it easy to swoop down on his quarry: but, as a snake, the foe stole on that sapped his power; onwards it crept, and upwards, dispossessing him at length of his Eden. The proud Moslem bowed to the hand of Fate. But sadly and sorrowfully he went forth, even as our first parents might from their paradise; and tender and touching is the tradition which has named that distant hill we see jutting out into the verdant plain "El último suspiro del Moro"—the Last Sigh of the Moor, or "La Cuesta de las Lágrimas"—the Place of Tears. There is quite a village within the enclosure of the fortress walls, extensive gardens, and numerous houses, besides Charles V.'s palace, the buildings of the Alhambra itself, and the Citadel.

The latter stands at the point that overlooks the Vega and commands a magnificent view. On the second day of my sojourn at Granada, after I had wandered in its halls of witching beauty, and had become, in a measure, imbued with the spirit of the place, I repaired, towards evening, unattended, to the Alcazaba-Kassábah, with the intention of

watching the sun set from the summit of the *Torre de la Vela.*

On entering the tower, and seeing the dark, narrow stairs that had to be ascended, I hesitated for a moment, and as a noisy party of soldiers came trooping down, I ran back to the entrance. When they had passed out, however, I returned to the charge, and pushed breathlessly on up the gloomy ascent till I reached the top, hurrying forward from the knowledge that the glories of the hour were fleeting.

The flat roof at last was gained.

How grand the prospect! Looking eastward, the scene was alpine. The granite fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada and Alpujarras glowed ruddy red, and their snowy crests gleamed and blushed with the tints of pure opal. Of the nearer hills, those in shadow stood out blackly; those on which the light fell, revealing their withered pastures, were pale and hueless, save from the borrowed tints of evening flushing them into transitory life. Beneath lay the multifarious buildings that comprise the Alhambra, a strange, sad mixture of grandeur and desolation.

Turning to the west, was a brilliant — a gorgeous picture.

The city of Granada was seen below, its towers and stately edifices still gilt by the sun-rays: to the right, the Albaicin in profound shade, with the church of St. Nicholas on the summit of the hill, defined by lines of light. But how describe the lovely Vega, with its villages and fields, its orange and citron groves—all its fertile beauty lying there, half hidden, half revealed by the golden haze that filled it! The Genil meandered like a silver thread through the plain, and to right and to left, in the distance, were seen mountains, passing through every gradation of warm grey, as the moments stole on.

Of richest saffron was the sky, and the hills in the horizon melted into the most delicate peach tints; whilst others, not so distant, took shades of violet, or glowed with the full colouring of rubies.

How often the eyes of the happy possessors of this fair land must have gazed lovingly upon it under a similar aspect, and those of the conquerors gloated with exultation over their costly prize!

And what places famed in story the sunbeams glint on!

Deeds of bravery have made yonder crag or defile memorable for ever. There is Jaen—there is Alhama—there Loja; and near where Santa Fé now stands, fancy may see the gay encampment of the "Most Christian" monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella, where they settled themselves down to prosecute in "comfort" the siege of much-coveted Granada.

How quickly an Armstrong or a Whitworth gun would have unsettled this comfortable arrangement!

By-and-by, as the brown twilight drew its veil over the scene, I could distinguish here and there fires caused by weed-burning. The flames looked like the flashing of jewels through the gloom, as they caught the irradiance of the after-glow that flooded the heavens.

Long I lingered, spell-bound by the beauty and the deep interest of the spot, till the shadows warned me to descend.

There was no one else on the tower-top but some soldiers, who scanned the stranger-lady naturally

with inquisitive glances, but were very well-behaved, as all Spaniards are,—probably respecting themselves too much to omit paying respect to others.

Going down the dark staircase was rather worse than going up it; but the performance was safely achieved, and so was the walk, or rather trot, through the tenebrous avenues that conducted me back to the hotel, the lights of which were welcome.

This hotel was not quite as untenanted as the one in scorching Seville, for the temperature of Granada is comparatively cool, from its elevated position—2445 ft. above the sea, and people consequently resort thither in the summer months to enjoy the fresh air, shade, and immunity from mosquitoes.

Still, the number of guests was few: only a Spanish couple, with a very juvenile child, that was brought to the table and fed; an Englishman —the rich, drowsy tones of whose voice recalled to mind old Lablache in a buffo part; and at dinner one day we were joined by a gentleman, whose steel-cold polish had a soupçon of the diplomatic in

it, and who, from his polyglot tongue, was probably a Russian.

The quiet afforded by this absence of the tourist element was pleasant; and if the feeling of liking to have the Alhambra all to oneself for a time was egotistical, it was scarcely unpardonable.

On Sunday morning I sent a waiter over to the "Siete Suelos" hotel opposite, to see if there were English or Americans enough stopping there to muster for service, as there was a report of an English clergyman being in the place,—but the messenger returned with a negative answer on both points.

And now, ere the reader is asked to accompany me to the Alhambra, which, like a child's *bonne-bouche* at a feast, I would retain as my last pleasant memory here, I would propose a visit to the casket that enshrines the jewel.

The old city of Granada has a mediæval, *toned-down* appearance, that is pleasant after the glaring whiteness of Seville and Cordova.

The population is estimated at 75,000; but if, as is stated, it formerly numbered 400,000,

it must have been a close pack for them, according to our modern ideas, the place being by no means large.

The Cathedral is the chief feature of the town. Originally a mosque, it received additions to fit it for a Christian temple, which did not improve it architecturally; and neither externally nor in its interior can it command admiration as a building.

It contains, however, objects of the deepest interest—chiefly in connection with Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of Granada, who are buried in the church.

Their coffins are shown in the vault beneath the Royal Chapel. A strange feeling comes over one in standing in the gloomy, narrow chamber, close —within a few inches if you choose, of this *dust* that once made the earth tremble: when, endued with life, these frail bodies obeyed the dictates of an invincible will.

There are portraits of these sovereigns—quaint and unflattering enough to be true—and several relics; one of the latter is a chasuble, worked by the queen's fair fingers; another is her mass-book, and in the *Capilla de los Reyes*, or Royal Chapel,

are the two magnificent tombs erected to their memory, and to that of their daughter Juana la Loca, and her husband, Philip of Burgundy.

Irresistibly, these monuments reminded me of those to the same house — viz., Burgundy — at Dijon and at Bruges.

These are of alabaster, exquisitely carved by Peralta of Genoa, and in their incomparable beauty, are studies of art; nothing can be more exquisite than some of the figures used in ornamentation, and the effigies themselves are wonderfully fine.

The Cathedral also can show some good paintings. "La Virgen de la Soledad," and others, by Alonzo Cano, are amongst the most attractive; and over the door of the *Sala Capitular*, or Chapter-room, is a piece of sculpture that struck me as being charming, both in design and execution.

The subject is "Charity" (a graceful, womanly form, tending the sick, expresses it), and this was the specimen-work sent by Torrigiano, when he wished to be employed on the sepulchre of the conquering monarchs.

As a rule, the Christian graces are represented as such uninteresting young women, that it is delightful to see them illustrated becomingly, and not after the conventional model.

In trying to angelise, artists too often rob the human of its humanity, and give it nothing in exchange but a cold hardness, intended for etherealism, which is not only unsatisfying, but is frequently repellent. If the form of a mortal be chosen to illustrate an abstract thought or moral virtue, surely it might be permitted to retain some of its mortal charms, "clothed upon" with the life, the fire, the soul of the immortal.

In one part of the church it was almost impossible to pass, for the crowd of people kneeling round some painted images, or *pasos*, that were being exhibited for the edification of the faithful.

These sacred dummies were life-size, or a trifle larger. One of them was dressed in a rich velvet robe, embroidered with gold, was decked with costly lace and jewels, and had on its head a crown of great value, which had been a present from the ex-Queen of Spain.

The other was attired in a white gown, some-

what dingy, but trimmed lavishly. This poor lady was the victim of her maid, for her gorgeous headdress had been stuck on awry, giving her a most dissipated air, which was further increased when, the pedestal whereon she was placed getting pushed by the pressure of the throng, her head wagged most comically.

Yet the worshippers, for such they seemed—simple-looking country people—gazed up at her with adoring eyes, their gravity wholly unmoved by the eccentric performances of their idol.

Piteous degradation of the intellect! Such representations, it is said, assist the devotion of the ignorant and untaught.

But why are the masses *left* "ignorant" and "untaught"?

On quitting the Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace and some other interesting buildings were pointed out to me, and then I walked through the Zacatin to look at the shops, and to see the old Moorish bazaar.

In the Plaza Nueva, where stands the handsome edifice appropriated to the "Court of Chancery,"

the big coach with a pair of horses, which mine host of the hotel had deemed the fitting conveyance for a lady to drive about in, rejoined me, and with many swingings round corners, and scrapings of walls in the narrow streets, bore me to the Casa de Tiros, belonging to Count Pallavicini (Marquis of Campotejar, in Spain).

It is there that orders are obtained for viewing the Generalife Villa, and there, too, the sword of Boabdil is shown.

The visitor is conducted up a handsome staircase and through lobbies, where the polished flooring reminds one of an old English home; through several apartments — pleasant living-rooms, cool, shadowy, and comfortably furnished—into the one where the relic is kept.

A mahogany case was unlocked, and there lay the identical sword used by El Rey Chico. Being no judge of such weapons, I could only see it was a very pretty thing—far too pretty for its cruel use, being highly ornamented in the Moorish style.

Curiosity appeased in this quarter, the Cartuja convent was next visited. On the way thither we

drove across the large open space called the Plaza del Triunfo, and observed the fine Hospital *de los Locos*, a lunatic asylum founded by Ferdinand and Isabella; a fact which proved those distinguished personages to have been in advance of their age, such establishments being then unknown. A long glaring, dusty road, brought us at length to the Cartuja.

A quiet-mannered man, with a rather refined face, conducted us in. He had originally, so I was informed, been a monk in the convent prior to its suppression, and he seemed now to be a "door-keeper in the house of the Lord," and to find it a peaceful and congenial occupation. He wore a loose black dress like that of a verger.

Passing through the cloisters, he pointed out the paintings that adorned them—scenes of persecution and torture, in which men in the monastic garb appeared to be the victims; and when I asked an explanation, he told me, with a smile in his eyes, that the pictures "represented the cruelties practised on Catholics by Protestants in England under Henry VIII."

The smile extended to his lip as I expressed my

surprise, and as far as his gentle nature would permit, he felt, I think, mischievously pleased.

The drawing of some of these pictures is most spirited, though the colouring is hard and black, wanting air; and the horrific is carried to the border of the grotesque in a few of them.

The Refectory is a fine apartment, and on the walls is some fresco painting that is an admirable bit of perspective.

The Chapel, however, and Sacristy contain the chief attractions for lovers of art. The marbles in the former are of numerous kinds, and in their perfection and polish are truly splendid; whilst the doors, which I fancy are of cedar-wood, are inlaid very richly with tortoise-shell, ebony, mother-of-pearl, &c. In the same style of *marqueterie* are those of the Sacristy, where, moreover, the wardrobes and drawers correspond.

Some idea may be formed of the labour involved in the work when one hears that it occupied the artificer fifty years — a whole life-time of half a century.

The quondam "brother" informed me that an English nobleman was desirous of purchasing

these beautiful specimens; but whether his offer was accepted or declined, I have not heard.

In addition to these objects there are some coloured statues to see; one especially of St. Bruno, which is very effective and striking. It forms the centre-piece of the high altar. The attitude is bold, the dark, earnest face is well set off by the white Carthusian frock; and as he stands there surrounded by masses of marble hard and cold, you naturally think of the fervid soul, eloquent, passionate, appealing to the stony nature of earthlings.

The Cartuja certainly affects one impressively, with the idea it conveys to the mind of the wealth and power that formerly belonged to the Carthusian order; and it is on that account perhaps the most interesting of all the suppressed religious houses in Granada.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Washington Irving, writing of the Alhambra, said, "The peculiar charm of this old, dreamy palace is its power of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past, and thus clothing naked realities with the illusions of the memory and the imagination."

Thus he wrote forty years ago, and the thoughtful visitor will indorse every word of the enthusiastic American, whose name will ever be associated with the spot. *His* language will best describe the appearance presented to the eye on first entering through the small doorway which admits you to the building.

"The transition was almost magical. It seemed as if we were at once transported into other times and another realm, and were treading the scenes

of Arabian story. We found ourselves in a great court, paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles: it is called the Court of the Alberca. In the centre was an immense basin or fish-pond, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with gold-fish, and bordered by hedges of roses."

Probably for the reason that we in the present day have become so used to Crystal Palaces and similar wonders in the "monster" line, that we look for vastness more than did our forefathers, this Patio de la Alberca (or fish-pond) to me, looked rather small. But it is very lovely, and in its prettiness it wore a cozy, home-look, as pigeons strutted about cooing lovingly, and a dog came whining round for notice. A vision of harem beauties toying with their pets and gossipping or wrangling suggested itself, however, as the kind of domestic life that the glassy pool had most often reflected.

On to the Court of Lions. This and all the other courts and halls have been so frequently described that a detailed account would be wearying: still, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

and some who read these pages may have felt the spell cast round them by the half-mysterious loveliness of this "Palacio del Rey Moro," and may sympathetically follow the footsteps of the writer, and have their own feelings rekindled as memory is awakened.

And here again let Washington Irving speak, as we stand in the Court of Lions: "There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this, for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filagree-work, supported by slender pillars of white marbles.

* * * * *

"When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much

has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveller: it is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm."

Wondrously beautiful are those innumerable arches with their rich burden of snowy pendants —the form which the honeycomb pattern produces, like the stalactites in a cave amongst glaciers; and delicate, though rich, is the lace-like tracery that covers the walls.

The lower part is of *azulejos*, or coloured tiles, some of them emblazoned with the escutcheons of the Moorish monarchs; the upper portion is of Damascus work, or *Tarkish*, in reality moulded in plaster, but having the effect of carvings in bas-relief. Many of these, that to the uninitiated look like designs, are texts from the Koran, or poetry; * but the Cufic characters are so arranged that they may be read either way, and there is in consequence perfect uniformity in the line.

* Ford gives the translation of one of the inscriptions in the *Mezquita* as being—"God is our refuge in every trouble."

The colouring is most harmonious. With the exquisite taste that pervades the entire fabric, the marble pillars are disposed here and there in groups, to prevent the stiff effect which might have been the result had they all stood singly. This world-renowned bit of architecture is indeed perfection!

Next we visit the Hall of the Abencerrages, corresponding in style with this *patio* on which it opens; and notice the dark stains left there, it is said, by the darker deed of the massacre: then we enter the fine saloons at the east end. Here the pictures on the ceiling attract notice. One does not expect to see delineations of the human form by Moslems. These are quaint-looking paintings. They are on leather, in the Byzantine style, and represent various scenes in which Moors and Christians figure in antagonism, and always to the discomfiture of the latter.

Another most beautiful saloon is that of *Las dos Hermanas*, or two sisters; not so named, however, after any heroines of romance, but after two blocks of marble in the pavement.

We have yet the great tower of Comares to see;

and we retrace our steps along the lovely arcades like cloisters, and passing through the ante-gallery —exquisite as any of the rooms—reach the "Hall of Ambassadors."

Here one can realize the magnificence of the Arabian ideas, as one stands beneath the lofty dome seventy-five feet in height, with its beauties shrouded in the gloom of distance; and fancy conjures up the monarch seated on the throne, with his brilliant retinue in gorgeous robes ranged on either hand—Yusuf, it may be, or poor luckless Boabdil—he who from a window in this same tower was once let down in a basket by his mother, Ayeshah, when she feared harm to his young life. It is a fit spot for musing.

Near here is the mosque, and some of the private apartments of the ci-devant inhabiters of the palace. The dressing-room of the Sultana is a small place only nine feet square; and the guide calls one's attention to the fact, that in one corner is a marble slab pierced with holes, the intention of which was, that through this contrivance perfumes might be wafted to the Royal nose.

In close proximity are the baths, and perhaps

nothing expresses more clearly the luxuriousness of the Moor than the arrangements seen here. After undergoing the various processes of the bath, he rested awhile in an apartment fitted up for the purpose, and furnished with a gallery where musicians were stationed, to soothe the mind with soft strains while the body reposed. (If they made the same monotonous noise that the "band" at Tangier did for our benefit, the effect must have been soporific.)

This part of the building, originally the domestic portion, is very interesting; and, adorning it in imagination with silken hangings and costly carpets that doubtless were in perfect harmony with the work of the architect and the artist, it is easy to believe that the *tout ensemble* afforded unalloyed satisfaction to the eye of taste.

And so, dreamily, one wanders on as in an enchanted castle, ever admiring more and more the beauty of these lordly halls which abound so largely in architectural interest, in those fairy arches and spandrils, and the delicate surface decorations that are models for all time.

The delicacy and grace are almost puzzling.

The architecture of by-gone races—Assyrian, Egyptian, Indian, Mexican—all denote a certain rude force and grandeur of conception; but in most of them, forms unnatural, hideous, and revolting, mark the era that saw them created, as one of a coarse and corrupt state of feeling.

Greek art, on the contrary, seems to be the exponent of beauty—the enduring expression of those natural beauties which are in themselves fleeting—manly comeliness, feminine grace, and the thousand and one attractive objects in the animate and inanimate world. Thus it borrows its curving lines from tree, leaf, flower, and winding stream; and its numerous adaptations are so tastefully and skilfully effected, that they have for us a subtle and undefinable charm. Their origin, I think, may be traced to an æsthetic appreciation of visible Nature.

But the Moorish or Saracenic style strikes me as the poetic expression of scientific truth; as if the old Arabian wise men and mathematicians had grown sportive, toying with their instruments, playing with their profession, and producing out of its hard, unswerving rules, stiff diagrams, and

geometric puzzles, out of rhomb and triangle, polygon and square, circle, ellipse, cycloid, &c., pleasing and effective combinations ; enduing them, moreover, with soul, life, and sentiment.

No doubt it was the Koran that, in limiting their models, drove the Moslem artists to resort to these devices; but it is strange that the patterns thus contrived—the flowers as it were of science, less quickly pall upon the sense than those which are representations of natural objects.

To give a homely illustration :—most people weary sooner of their drawing-room carpets, supposing the design upon them to be floral or fanciful, than they do of the Turkey carpet in the dining-room, with its neat though complex arrangement of lines which define nothing save that marvellous "order" by which each line finds its place with mathematical precision.

Voluptuous as the Moor may have been, there is nothing to indicate it in the works of his hands excepting in the most refined sense. All is pure, delicate, and ethereal, expressive rather of spirit than of matter, the perfume of the flower rather than the flower itself; and the frequent references

to the Creator, which occur in the numerous inscriptions that adorn the walls, testify to a strong religious feeling—a feeling that moved these followers of Islam to hallow their home by placing there the Sacred Name—honouring it, and keeping it in perpetual remembrance.

Legends are rife in connexion with the Alhambra, as every one knows; and wild and absurd as most of the stories are, they yet seem in unison with the spot, and one does not care to shake off their influence, or to break the spell which seems cast around us, as by a magician's wand.

Thus, in passing along the outer wall in the gloamin', after visiting the little toy-like mosque, and sitting amongst the roses and vines in the garden till the sun was low in the horizon, one lingers under the Torre de las Infantas, half expecting to see a fair face appearing at the window, to hear a soft voice singing to the tones of a lute; and to distinguish amongst the gathering shadows the form of the adventurous lover risking his life to listen to the tell-tale strain. And almost every tower has its romance, or history that is akin to

fable, making the entire place redolent of mystery, as if lying under the power of a necromancer.

This weird, strange property it is which, even more than its beauty, endues the Alhambra with the witchery and fascination that it possesses for the imaginative visitor.

But though the feelings raised amid these scenes that derive so much of their interest from the past are tender and sweet, there is a touch of sadness about them that after awhile becomes oppressive. Even the "Generalife," the Moorish villa a little distance higher up—the summer resort of the inhabitants of the Palace in former times—is not free from the same mournful atmosphere, but sits pensively on the rocky height, and looks down on the ruin below, whose triumph it was wont to share. I devoted a lovely evening to this place, which in itself is quaint and charming, and from its elevated situation commands a magnificent view. Long I wandered in the covered alleys or terraces, and leaving the guide to gossip with the custodian, ascended by many steps in the hill-side to a summer-house, and mounting the stairs that led to the top of that, just as the "Sweet Angelus" rang out

from the tinkling church-bells in the town, I feasted on the prospect and the golden glories of the hour. Looking down the gorge of the Darro in its twilight gloom, the eye was carried on to the sunny plains beyond, girt in with hills of amethyst hue; while nearer, at one's feet, lay the once proud fortress, still grand in her desolation.

Ah! beauty-loving Moor! Truly it must have been with sorrow that you lost all this!

Here, in this garden, many of the flowers you planted still flourish, it is said.

The guide, when I rejoined him, had some flowers that the gardener had given him, some of which, of course, were offered to the Señora. One deep red rose retains its velvety bloom and a whiff of the rich perfume it then had, even now.

A small convolvulus, or something akin to it, attracted my notice as a stranger. It was a dwarf kind, growing thickly in one of the beds, and was canary-coloured with crimson stripes; its name was given me as *Don Pedro*. The rush of water has a pleasant sound, as a stream from the Darro brought here in a small canal forms tiny pools and falls, amongst the myrtle hedges, the lilies, the

roses, the orange and pomegrante trees—all the odorous and beautiful plants whose roots it refreshes.

But there is nothing stately about this garden. Like everything designed by its possessors for domestic enjoyment, it is in the cozy and snug style—elegant but not large.

The house corresponds with it. It contains many rooms, mostly ornamented with arabesques; and the staircases are narrow, as in Moorish houses generally. In the portrait gallery is a picture of Boabdil—El Rey Chico, which, however, does not excite one much, as it is difficult to believe it to be genuine.

More calculated to detain the visitor for awhile, is the genealogical tree of the Grimaldi, which hangs in this apartment. A Moorish prince named Cidi Aya was the founder of the family. He assisted in the conquest of his country, became a Christian, and was named Don Pedro. Was the flower I noticed, called after him, I wonder?

The gigantic old cypresses which attach themselves with the scandal of Zoraya, are things that all the world visiting the Generalife inquires for.

There they are yet—wearing their five centuries well. Hard and dry like veteran scandal-mongers of society—the people not afflicted with sensibility—tho weakness that wears and kills—these living memorials of by-gone ages, gnarled with the knots Time has marked the passing years with, grey and grim they stand there still, in grotesque contrast with the budding freshness and lavish fertility of all around.

"And does no one live in this delightful old house?" was the question I asked of my cicerone.

"Only the people who take care of it," was the reply. "The owner never comes here."

It seems almost incredible, though it is asserted that Count Palavicini of Genoa, who as representative of the Grimaldi-Gentili family * is the proprietor, should never have had the curiosity to visit the place.

Returning down the hill in a musing vein, my reveries were broken in upon by the guide, who was rather taciturn (compared with the genus as usually met with), revealing the cause of his abstraction, by suddenly making some remark upon

* "He married one of the Grimaldi daughters," said the guide.

politics. It was not long after the assassination of General Prim, and the incident had caused a profound sensation throughout the land.

Alluding to it presently, this man informed me that he had been a soldier, and had served under Prim in Africa, a fact which naturally awakened my interest and led to my questioning him on the subject, and remarking that I thought Prim a brave and resolute character, and a sad loss to Spain.

Warming up at the eulogium on his late commander, the guide now cited an instance of which he had himself been witness, of the general's bravery; when a small party of them, being separated from the main body, were surrounded by the enemy and in a position of extreme danger, "Prim," he said, "was perfectly cool and collected; as for *fear*, he did not know what it was.

"His men worshipped him, his influence over them was unbounded, and they would have followed him anywhere."

On the occasion in question he seemed to have cut his way out of the difficulty, and saved himself and followers by simple *dash*.

The change from a soldier's life to that of a guide to the Alhambra must have been considerable for a young man, as this one was; and nothing about him would have indicated his former profession but the way in which he carried the large white sunshade committed to his care occasionally.

Apropos of this article, it has ere now afforded me the opportunity of comparing national characteristics.

The sturdy Switzer, to whom it was consigned now and then while crossing the Scheideck, and on the Grindelwald glacier, grasped it as an article of value to be firmly clutched lest by some mischance it should be lost. Mahommed at Tangier carried it daintily with the tips of his olive fingers, as a property of the white lady's, to be treated with becoming respect: but this Granada guide shouldered it like a musket, handled it as he would a sword, tucked it under his arm à la Gamp at last, and appeared gêné-ed at being troubled with a weapon that was for defence only, *and not for himself*. Each for himself, each for his "party," not the public weal;

this is too much the case with the Spaniard in political life; and pride disinclines him for bearing any burden, albeit he might thereby benefit.

After this digression,—one more look at the massive towers that darkness is fast shrouding, yield once more to the glamour they cast at this witching hour, and then "adieu" to them with a sigh; for when they are again seen in the morning's dawn, the stranger who has gazed on them with such deep interest and delight will be far on her way from Granada.

CHAPTER XV.

GRANADA TO MALAGA.

The diligence, which is the usual conveyance for travellers across the Sierra, only runs at night during the summer months, on account of the heat; and the train to meet it left Granada at 11·30 P.M.

The hour was a very awkward one, albeit the Commissionaire was engaged to see me to the station; and, with the experiences of the uncomfortable previous journey fresh in mind, it was with no pleasurable anticipations that the hour for starting was looked for.

At length the Señora's carriage was announced: "Miladi's," by the way. Now "Miladi" did not want the coach-and-pair. Having been warned that it was an important item in a Granada hotel bill, she had abstained from order-

ing a private vehicle, and desired that a seat might be retained for her in the omnibus of the establishment.

However, that was allowed to start empty; and the bill, asked for two hours before, was brought with the announcement of the carriage, and presented with the information that there was "just time to catch the train."

The hurried payment of the sum total may be imagined.

Well, it was the sole instance during the tour, of the slightest advantage being taken of the lonely lady at any of the inns; and she shook the dust off her feet as she quitted this one.

And, only in another isolated case did anything to disturb the serenity of her mind happen elsewhere.

To this we are coming.

The train in due time reached Loja, and at the station stood the diligence awaiting our arrival. Presenting the ticket, which secured or ought to have secured for its owner an inside place in the front compartment—what in France is called the coupé—I was told that every seat in the

interior was already occupied, and that I must mount up on the outside.

I showed the ticket again.

"Yes, it was all right: but that part was full; see, three people, Frenchman, his wife, and her maid."

(How glad I felt that I had no "maid" to monopolize best places, and perhaps grumble as well.)

Finding that the people were French, I appealed to them: but the "lady" would not hear; the gentleman seemed disquieted, murmured faintly that there was "not place,"—I knew that, and made no attempt at civility.

That man was under wifely control. Of course there was wrong-doing *somewhere.* Either the ticket should not have been sold to me, or else the French people—and this is the likeliest explanation—had made it convenient to the conductor to wink at their arrangements, and give the seat in the coupé to the servant, instead of to the lady who had engaged and paid for it.

But it was in vain to expostulate in an unknown tongue with the officials; and, in the

darkness and confusion it was impossible to find out the proper person to apply to for redress. Besides, the driver was getting his mules in position, and the start would soon be made.

There was nothing to be done but to make the best of bad circumstances; so, groping my way up the high ladder nervously, and bruising myself cruelly as I dived in under the hood of the banquette, I sat down. A man followed and took his seat; another made his way in, and then *another* had to be made room for. The squeeze was considerable, but it was merely the beginning of discomfort, which was to increase when the ten mules, with the usual oaths and lashings attendant on the performance, were put in motion.

If the stones and roughnesses of the road had been sensibly felt when I was sitting inside this Noah's Ark, what were the sensations outside? They were indescribably worse; and terror of an upset was added to the other disagreeable feelings incident to the elevated position. It was difficult to suppress a scream sometimes, as we plunged into a hole, or seemed falling over on

one side, whilst we poor passengers, stowed together like sacks of flour, swayed to and fro *en masse*.

But there are few things so bad that they could not be worse; and the comforting element in this case was to be found in the fact that the two men between whom I was compressed as in a sandwich, were most good-natured and nice, and as little objectionable as it was possible for them to be.

When the night's blackness at last rolled away and day dawned, so that eyes were of use, my neighbour on the left proved to be a stout young man of plain appearance; the one on the right just the reverse, a handsome specimen of the slim Spaniard. His slimness was favourable to the occasion, and in his amiable efforts to give me as much room as he could, he flattened himself still further, and endeavoured in every way to add to my comfort. For this purpose he took off his top-coat, and, folding it neatly, placed it deftly as a cushion at my back.

From that thoughtful kindness I drew the conclusion that he was a married man; and the surmise was a just one.

In the darkness a *thing* had been knocking about in front of us, now giving a scratch to the nose, next threatening the eyes; the grey of morning revealed the mysterious affair as a child's go-cart of very uncarryable construction, that this young man was taking from Granada—famed for its toys—to "la petite" at home; and a small basket bobbing in front, as it hung suspended from a button from the diligence curtain, was for "Madame."

"I *must* take them *something*," he said; and in pleasant tones that betrayed manly tenderness at the thought of those domestic ties, and that augured well for the family happiness.

He informed me he was an engineer, and mentioned the railway with which he was connected. Success attend him.

Both the young men spoke French a little, which enabled them to converse with me, and when they addressed each other they did so in that language; a delicate consideration for their travelling-companion, which she could not but appreciate, as they spoke it so badly and with such evident difficulty, that this act of politeness

cost them some effort; now and then there was a breakdown which drove them to their mother-tongue, but only for awhile. In courtiers such politeness might have been looked for: these middle-class men, however, had courtesy ingrained, and they might have shamed many a noble.

With daybreak the wild features of the country through which we were passing revealed themselves. We were on high ground, and a few broad lines defined the landscape—treeless, arid, stony, and undulating, but colourless. Shortly, however, as the sun rose, the change was magical, and each shifting scene presented striking contrasts of rich tints.

One of these pictures was a sky of pure, translucent, chrysolite hue, mountains blushing rosy red, a waste of purplish-brown earth, barren slopes shrivelled yellow, looking delusively golden; in the foreground a group of peasants, with a cart of primitive make, and a smart *majo* cantering past on a gaily caparisoned mule.

Strange it is how instantaneously impressions are conveyed, and under what unfavourable circumstances they may be received. This pictorial

effect was burnt in upon the mind when the eyes that saw it were leaden-lidded, and the brain seemed too dulled to take in the picture. The strongest opiate could scarcely have produced a more intensely sleepy feeling than now oppressed the weary traveller; and it could not be yielded to. If the heavy head had inclined ever so little on either side it must have pressed on the shoulder of one of the neighbours; if it had leant forward, the result would probably have been that the body attached to it would have followed, and fallen over on the backs of the mules. The effort to keep awake was actual pain. Truly welcome at length was the town of Archidona in sight, and a short distance beyond it the railway station.

On alighting here, it was with some curiosity that I looked out for the coupé people. There they were, just what imagination might have painted them.

Monsieur, small in dimensions, but big in vulgarity; Madame elderly, and handsomely dressed, with an air of "money" about her: the maid rather good-looking.

The two latter managed the former. Presently

spying me, Monsieur ambled up to where I was standing, and after staring hard, remarked that we had been "crowded" in the diligence, and asked me "How many we were, *up there.*"

A single word, the numeral "Quatre" disposed of him; for, after standing looking irresolute for a moment or two, he slunk off to obey the behests of Madame.

Had he been a gentleman, one might have considered him in a state of hen-peckage, and pitied him; but as he was nothing of the kind, he was not an object of commiseration, but merely a contemptible little man.

I hope his wife chastises him frequently.

Bobadilla was reached about nine o'clock. Here the beaming look of recognition given by the civil young waiter who had served me on the journey towards Granada, augured attention on this occasion, and a cup of hot chocolate was quickly forthcoming.

When the Cordova train came in, I took my place in it for Malaga.

The scenery on this line is very fine in some parts—indeed grand.

There are Alpine passes. Stern granite mountains rising perpendicularly on either hand, leaving but a narrow, gloomy passage for the railway and the river Guadaljorce; a more open country follows, and then you plunge again into the hilly district. It is not pine-clad; there are no shelving bits of emerald verdure half-way sky-ward as in Switzerland; there are no châlets to dot the heights—all is rock—cold, hard-looking, bare, severely majestic. But there is colouring on the rugged masses as the sun gilds them, and the blue in the ravines is so deep that it looks solid and tangible. Rapid glimpses are all you get, however; for no sooner is one such scene visible than you are shot into a tunnel; you emerge from that, and the next moment are in another; and so on, twelve times, there being as many tunnels: their combined length measures upwards of three miles. Several bridges are crossed—six—and besides them, there is a viaduct on this line which deserves notice; so that the cost of this railroad must have been immense. The last gorge is the climax of the grandeur; and then, if it was not like pausing from L'Inferno to Il Paradiso

exactly, the transition was yet marvellously striking.

We sped through groves of orange and lemon trees as through apple orchards in England; through fields of maize, and of sugar-canes ten feet high; gardens were on either hand rich in fragrant flowers and honey-bees; olive plantations and fig-grounds hedged in with fences of prickly-pear; vines clothed the hill-sides and were trellised over houses, while the palm and the aloe gave a tropical character to the luxuriant vegetation.

The streams that we had seen trickling feebly from their rocky source in the gloomy defile now meandered across the sunny plain between banks fringed with the delicate pink blossom of the oleander—all life and brightness.

The stations were some of them very pretty; embowered too in shrubs like the pomegranate, plumbago, or Datura lily; and as a background to this Eden-like scene of fertility and beauty rose the mountains we had just quitted, capped by the snowy crest of the Mulhahaçen.

Ere long now we were in Malaga, which looked

hot, dusty, and "stuffy" at this season. It contains upwards of 100,000 inhabitants, but it is so soon seen, that a detention there of two days whilst waiting for the steamer to Gibraltar was a matter of regret. The place is chiefly interesting from its extreme antiquity, its having been, like Cadiz, a Phœnician colony, and from its being associated with so many of our compatriots who have gone there in search of health but to find a grave.

Seen from the lighthouse which stands at the extreme end of a spit of land that half incloses the harbour, the town looks well, especially when flooded by the sunny haze of evening; and the cathedral has an imposing appearance: whilst the hills stretching along the coast in the direction of Velez Malaga, plum-tinted, sunny-peaked, studded with villages and gardens, are charming in their warm, varied colouring and undulating lines. To the south of the city some high chimneys, and the smoke they pour forth, rather detract from the romantic beauty of the scene, but are good signs of manufacturing activity. This road to the lighthouse forms a favourite drive and promenade,

answering the purpose of a pier; and with the picturesque land-views, and the boundless expanse of the blue Mediterranean to gaze on from thence, it is certainly a pleasant as well as a breezy lounge.

But the spot to which all English visitors make a pilgrimage is the Cemetery.

A short drive along the Velez Malaga road brings you to it. It lies on a slope looking seaward, and though in this garden of the dead we miss the mossy turf, the box-borderings, neat gravelled-walks and finished appearance that such a place would have in old England, still it is planted with shrubs and flowers that flourish in the richest luxuriance, wreathing the graves with green sprays, and shedding sweetest blossoms on the earth, beneath which sleep so many of the young and fair.

It is very touching as one wanders among the tombs and reads some of the inscriptions, to come suddenly upon a familiar name; and it is almost impossible not to do so.

Reverently we remove a withered leaf, or twine the last young shoot a little higher, glad to

perform this trifling act for the mourners far away.

There is an old Moorish castle here, finely situated, and this object and the churches comprise the sights of the town.

The Cathedral, like most of those in this province, is an architectural *mélange*, Corinth and Cairo seeming to unite therein, and it has only one tower where two were planned; but from its size and position it is a commanding feature in Malaga.

The principal entrance is very fine, the interior contains some good carvings, and amongst the pictures is one by Alonzo Cano. Roaming about in the somewhat gloomy-looking building, I found myself assisted in my researches by two small acolytes, who, just off duty in a side chapel, seemed to consider the sight of a stranger refreshing, for they tacked themselves on to me most persistently, and could not be made to understand they were not wanted. It was useless trying to wave them away imperiously; no, one on each side they walked, carrying big books, and with big

eyes looking up in my face inquiringly, and talking seriously all the while, unaware that their language was not comprehended. If the little fellows had not looked so pretty in their white surplices, or whatever their dress is called, their pertinacity would have been rather a nuisance; but who could be angry with such living "Murillos," with their dark eyes full of juvenile gravity?

In fact it is folly resenting the inquisitiveness of Spaniards of any age, as they are innocent of intending to be rude, and their familiarity, though occasionally startling, is not vulgar.

A droll instance of this occurred here at the hotel, as I stopped on one occasion, to make some inquiry of the commissionaire: he took the opportunity of asking, quietly and respectfully, where I had bought the boots I was wearing!

The astounded look which this "Who's your hatter?" question made me turn on him, was understood, for he hastened to explain that some ladies in the house had begged him to obtain the information, as they had been trying to get some

boots like them, and could not meet with any in the place.

The answer that they were French, was, I fear, scarcely satisfactory.

The shops are numerous and apparently well supplied with "the latest fashions;" for some articles that as yet had not been seen on the Rock were largely exhibited in the windows. Raisins are naturally associated in the domestic mind with Malaga; and on this point, with future plum-puddings and cakes in view, it was not pleasant to hear that a deficiency was apprehended in the raisin crop that year (1870), and that houses which usually exported 10,000 boxes would only be able to export 2000.

Here, as in Seville, the hours of evening see the population all abroad.

From the Alameda Hotel it was amusing to watch the groups promenading or lounging on the seats in the gardens opposite—a chatting, laughing, merry crowd that lingered in the cool balmy air till late into the night.

The sea was smooth as glass, and the little

Spanish boat "Maria" glided so quietly on her way, that the nine hours' steam along the coast to Gibraltar was a mere pleasure trip.

The scenery is charming. Mountains with a ferruginous look, shelving gently down to the beach; an occasional town or village, and many an old ruined castle: such are its features. Intensely bright are the hues of some of those jagged peaks and rocky slopes, rent with the passage of the rushing torrents of winter; and we are not surprised to hear of iron mines being in the vicinity. The pretty town of Marbella, whose name is becoming known in England in connexion with its mines, is delightfully situated on the shore, backed by ranges of these ruddy hills, and with more distant ones in view, wearing a peach-bloom as delicate as beautiful.

Amidst these fair scenes battles have been fought. On yonder plain they say Cæsar fought for dear life; and hither—to this Andalucia, Tarshish—came the ships of King Solomon.

Thus persons of various tastes may be interested in looking on this lovely shore.

And now, Estepona passed, a fine effect of light

was noticeable looking towards Gibraltar. The Rock stood out boldly in purple shadow against the sunny sky, and a ray of dazzling brightness fell slanting along the slope of silvery sand above Catalan Bay.

It scarcely needed the great eagle swooping down and circling round to make it a picture. It was like a dream of Turner's.

Still hugging the land, we passed Monkey's Cave, close under Europa looking cool and grey, —into the glittering sunshine of the South,—on into the harbour.

In this concluding stage of my journey, as throughout it, Fate had befriended me ; for scarcely had I stepped on board the steamer at Malaga than some ladies whom I had never seen before, but to whom it appeared I was known, addressed me, to my surprise, by name; and their kind attention contributed greatly to my comfort and enjoyment during the day.

Nothing indeed during this pleasant little tour, now *un fait accompli*, and a delicious memory henceforth, was more gratifying than the amiable courtesy of all the Spanish people whom I had

encountered: nothing more striking than their astonishment at seeing a lady performing the journey unaccompanied. It taxed their credulity to the utmost.

CHAPTER XVI.

L'ADIEU.

And now—ere the reader and the writer part, the former must step into a small gallery and apartment adjoining, and after looking out of each of the five windows—for there is diversity in the views they command—the blue, cool North with its rocky ranges, the purple West, with Algeciras gleaming white against a dark background, the sunny South flooded with blinding light,—must hear something of what has been seen from those windows besides the natural scenery.

But first: what is in that basket? Well, there's a snake's skin. The gentleman was in the habit of coming into the garden every year to renew his wardrobe; he came for five consecutive seasons, I believe, and when he departed, used to leave his old clothes behind him.

This is one of his suits. It looks like fine spun glass in Venetian work; or a dainty satin ribbon, and must have belonged to a dandy reptile.

That little black thing? That is only a *tarantula* spider that was caught on the premises: and those canary-coloured creatures with figured black and white, lace-like wings, are some locusts that I picked up half-alive on the Eastern Beach. There had been a swarm of them passing over, and thousands were washed ashore that had fallen into the sea, exhausted by their flight.

Barbary was devastated for some distance inland by these rapacious marauders, and the Moors, as usual under such a visitation, sallied forth to gather them up by the bushel, and to *eat them.*

This was assured me as a fact. So it would seem, that whether the locust that formed John the Baptist's principal food was, as supposed, the *locust bean*, or the insect itself, there would have been nothing contrary to ordinary usage amongst the wild sons of the desert had it been the veritable insect, and not its vegetable namesake, that is recorded as having been St. John's chief sustenance.

Hark! The beat of a muffled drum. Beneath the sunny heights of Buena Vista stands the military and naval hospital: there is the gate, and through it a soldier's funeral is slowly emerging. Between the waving tops of those canes, or the boughs of that pomegranate-tree, we can see the sad procession winding along in the lane below us, while the band plays that most musically-mournful and heart-touching of melodies, Mendelssohn's "Funeral March."

"It is one of our men they are burying," says a friend: "he was alive and well yesterday morning."

"And being laid in the grave so soon!" The rapidity with which interment follows death in these warm climates is very awe-inspiring, and adds to the agony of final partings here. There is no gradual consciousness stealing over the mourner that it is but clay he is putting out of his sight; and in cases of sudden death, and they are frequent, it may be the being, instinct with life and healthful beauty that we are conversing, aye, and laughing with one day, who at the same hour the next day is lying deep down beneath the fresh-turned sod

that attracts our eye as we ride past the cemetery. The mind may become accustomed to such experiences: they are, however, sharply painful at first.

But turn from this melancholy scene and look towards the New Mole, where at this moment all is bustle and excitement.

The troopship is alongside, and the ——th are embarking for Malta. The women and children went on board this morning; and now, company by company, in the greatest order, the men are being marched on deck. There is frantic hurrahing; snatches of farewell tunes alternate from the band of the departing regiment, and of the one that is "seeing them off."

Away they go. Wave that tablecloth,—its dimensions can alone express the extent of our emotions. Pocket-handkerchiefs, pshaw! They are little foolish things under these circumstances, quite unequal to the occasion.

Another departure, of wider extended interest in its results, was witnessed from this spot.

This was the sailing of the Channel squadron from Gibraltar on the 1st of July, 1871, a date

memorable by the grounding of the "Agincourt."

At all times it is a beautiful sight to see one ironclad after another creep out, wheel into position with a celerity of movement perfectly wonderful in so huge a mass, and glide away with scarcely perceptible motion, in calm grandeur; after a fussy scene of fire-spitting, smoke-curling, and thundering reports by way of parting salutation.

To-day the sky is cloudless, and of intensest blue; the bay reflects it in smooth glassy waters that are hardly broken by a ripple; and the sunbeams falling on the straits, produce there a streak of dazzling brightness like burnished gold.

"Auld lang syne" has resounded plaintively, tempering our pleasant memories with that touch of sadness which is like the print of autumn's finger on the flowers of summer.

No, jolly fellows! we won't "forget" you!

They are under weigh.

Gradually, the music is heard fainter and fainter, the ships look smaller and smaller.

"Why, the port division seems to be crossing to Ape's Hill: only to clear the bay—they turn to

the westward now; and so does the other,—which is *rather* near the Andalusian shore.

With our attention attracted to this other,—the starboard, and our glasses pointed in that direction, we presently exclaim:

"Look! One of those three has turned sideways. Do you see? Where *are* they going? . . . . Ah, but it is *only* one that has "turned sideways," and, she doesn't move at all. Isn't it odd?"

"The Pearl Rock!" cries Mrs.——, after a moment's observation. "It is near there. The ship must have struck on the rock,—that fatal rock!" It is the dread of all mariners, and numerous are the disasters that have been caused by this treacherous foe: many of the wrecks happening there have, moreover, been attended with loss of life, the ships foundering before any help could reach them. But for a man-of-war to steer straight for the danger, was an occurrence unknown before, and that could not easily be credited now.

We could distinguish rapid signalling going on. The fleet made no further progress for a while, and very soon a steam-tug was hurrying from the

Mole, another, and then another, with several flat boats like barges in tow.

Ere long our apprehensions were fully confirmed; with the information that the ship which had met with the accident was the "Agincourt."

Her consorts being near her, danger to life was fortunately not to be dreaded; but the excitement caused by the untoward event was nevertheless intense, in view of the large amount of money at stake in the case of an ironclad of such dimensions.

Through the next days—Sunday and Monday—the process of taking out guns and stores was going on; and when the ship was thus lightened, we watched the ineffectual efforts of the steam-tugs to move her. Then we saw her partially dismasted, and her neighbour, the great "Hercules" being called upon, to aid in the endeavours made by the tugs.

Thus three nights closed in; and each following morning at day-dawn many eyes were strained towards the object of our ardent hopes and anxious fears. Uncanny it looked in the cold grey distance, lying helplessly at the mercy of the winds

and waves—that black speck that represented three quarters of a million of money.

On Tuesday afternoon, however, to the universal joy, she was extricated from her perilous position, and brought back, a poor, mutilated thing, into harbour.

Strange to say, when she was going out after another visit to Gibraltar, the following year, and we were watching her with redoubled interest from remembrance of her previous misfortune, we saw her unexpectedly return, having again met with trouble—had snapped her chain cable.

It seemed as if a fatality attended the "Agincourt" at this station.

But a grander spectacle than the sailing of a fleet was seen from the room we are in; one that many *savans* travelled far to see, yet saw not nearly as well as we did: the total eclipse of the sun, on the 22nd of December, 1870.

The morning was unfortunately cloudy, and at the most critical time, the sun's disc was partially obscured; so much so, that the scientific men, who were taking observations from the

Moorish Castle, were doomed to most mortifying disappointment.

At the "South," however, we were more favoured, and between the rents in the clouds, and through their filmy edges, we caught transient glimpses of the eclipse in nearly all its stages, and saw the bright "corona" and "red flames" distinctly.

During the total obscuration, the scene was one of inexpressible gloom.

A grey-green tone pervaded everything—earth, sea, and sky: and we looked with a kind of awe on each others' faces, grown ghastly as death, as they wore the reflex of the weird, strange appearance of surrounding Nature.

The air became heavy; an unnatural stillness reigned, like the quietude which precedes a thunderstorm; and fowls and pet birds seemed sorely puzzled, and in some instances went to roost.

But a beautiful feature in this scene of the sun's o'ershadowing, in which the sublime and the awful predominated, was produced by the two planets, Venus and Mercury, shining brightly in a patch of dark blue sky at midday!

These bright objects were the only ones on which the eye could rest, that wore their wonted aspect; yet it was startling to see them at such an hour, and they added to the impressiveness of the picture.

The most stolid persons must have been affected more or less by the aspect of all things above and around; and during the short time that the extraordinary sight, such as none who gazed on it could well look forward to beholding again, continued, all business seemed suspended.

The regiment in the barracks below us turned out on the parade-ground for a better view; and crowds, with eyes directed upwards, stood in silent awe while the great Shadow passed.

As for the Spanish part of the population, who are still a prey to superstitious feelings respecting eclipses, many thronged the churches, where *special services were held* for their benefit.

We, who watched throughout, filled with a profound and almost overpowering sense of the sublimity of the effect produced by this natural event, yet seeing in it but the wondrous order of the universe, and the stupendous workings of the

Infinite, breathed more freely when the glorious sun at length was restored to us in its brightness, and we could once more rejoice in its beneficent rays.

* * * * *

And now—lean with me from this casement, and look out upon the night—the dream-like, beautiful Southern night.

The air is richly laden with perfume that floats up to us from that Datura lily just beneath us, and from the flowers in Tarifa's garden yonder.

The sea murmurs hushingly, as its waves lap the shore; the shimmering waters form a pathway as of "patines of fine gold" below the moon, that hangs in the sky, a globe of mellow light; and the luminous stars, looking twice the size they do in the North, also have their chief magnates reflected in slender, sparkling columns in the purple-tinted bay.

The rugged outlines of the African mountains melt softly away in the pearly distance: all is sweet, tender, serenely glowing.

Once—though it was on a darker night than

this—the calm that reigned was broken unexpectedly, and somewhat roughly, in the cove down there beyond those palms. First I heard a movement on the water, and the play of oars in their rowlocks, then voices loud and angry in fierce altercation—the clash of arms—shots fired.

Some smugglers had been pursued by a Spanish revenue cutter, and, in the excitement of the chase, had been followed into British waters. On nearing the line-wall, they appealed for protection—which we owed them under the circumstances of the case—and two man-of-war's boats were ordered to proceed to their relief.

However, the sentry at the spot having fired a round of blank cartridge, the *corsario* hastened off, and, with another small vessel which was hovering about, got clear away, leaving the smugglers, whom they had very nearly secured.

One of the latter had received a severe cutlass wound.

The incident was suggestive of a spider's web being swept out of a corner, and the flies released; and without entertaining undue sympathy for the *contrabandistas*, one could not but be pleased at this

audacious attempt at their capture being defeated. The whole affair was so sudden and unusual, that it was difficult to believe it was not a freak of imagination.

It is getting late now. The sentry is calling the hour, with the pleasing addition, "All's well!" And—you *stupid* Edward!

A deluded donkey has responded to the cry with a prolonged "He-haw!"—from every part of "the South" his friends are answering staunchly, and a chorus of braying, which lasts a full quarter of an hour, follows. Of course each watch-dog takes the matter up *con spirito*—nor is this enough, but flocks of turkeys emulating the geese of ancient Rome in vigilance if not in wisdom, add their quota to the general din; and the result is a horrible discord, such as—

"Menschen *rasend* machen kann."

Sh-ssh—a rocket—and a gun.

The Mail is in: see her lights there, as she moves on into harbour.

Poor, unfortunate passengers for Gibraltar! Being unable to land till morning gun-fire, they

will be transferred to the coal-hulk, alongside which the steamer is moored—as that is the clean, comfortable arrangement made for them, if they arrive in the night. And also when leaving here, you are subjected to a similar nuisance should the packet that is due not put in before sunset,—you have to await her arrival in the Black Hole.

For coalheavers and "navvies" it might be a suitable provision, but it seems strange that benighted travellers, who have not the advantage of belonging to either of those useful professions, should be shunted into that grimy receptacle as the most appropriate to be found. Can nothing be devised—no floating refuge fitter to receive ladies and children, lords and luggage, than a coal-hulk?

But we are lingering too long at this window. The moon has sunk to her rest, and probably the reader, too, is weary.

* * * * *

The Mail that takes me back to England is signalled early in the day. This is fortunate, as one can get on board in good time.

Farewell, then, bright scenes of golden sunshine! "Adieu" to the fair young faces that beamed like light in the dwelling, and to the kind motherly ones that smiled on the wanderer to the Rock, and made her welcome.

I gaze on the rosy West, and think—

> "Where are the songs of Summer?—In the West,
> Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
> When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
> Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers
> To a most gloomy breast."

Nay, but warm hearts are waiting in the cold Northern land; and as for the sunshine and the flowers of the sweet South—please God, I may rejoice in them again. So—*au revoir!*

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.